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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
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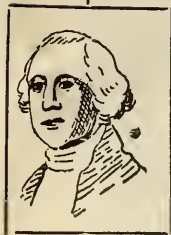
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The Meaning of Patriotism



A patriot is one who gives
Unto his country, while he lives,
His loftiest thoughts, his noblest deeds;
Who comprehends his country's needs;
Who gives his life's blood, if he must,
In her defense; betrays no trust;
Whose works live on when life is done—
And such a man was Washington.

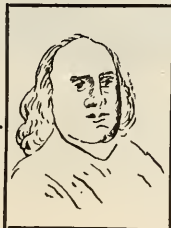


A patriot seeks not for fame,
Nor glories in the world's acclaim;
But finds his life through its own gift
Of human kindness, faith, and thrift.
Who lives his fellowmen to bless;
Defends the weak, relieves distress;
Or goes untimely to his grave,
When Lincoln-like he frees the slave.

A patriot is he whose light
Of knowledge is a beacon bright,
Set Franklin-wise upon Life's Hill,
Where men may use it if they will;
May by his frugal living see
The uplift of simplicity.
Whose axioms—precepts well defined—
Are words of wisdom to mankind.

Not birth, nor gold, nor pretense, gives
A patriot his rank. He lives
To utilize each day and hour,
Each talent placed within his power,
To make his nation tyrant-free,
To honor his community,
To build, as only teachers can,
Today's Child for tomorrow's Man.

MABEL JARVIS





Team passing through Capitol Gorge, Southeastern Utah. The gorge is about seven miles in length and this scene is three and one-half miles from either end. (See "Tales of the Trails," this number of the *Improvement Era*.)

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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THE PRESENT NEED OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION*

BY NEPHI L. MORRIS

PRESIDENT OF THE SALT LAKE STAKE OF ZION

A knowledge of God is the eternal basic necessity in every life. Eternal life and everlasting joy are dependent upon that knowledge and its translation over into the life of the individual. Man cannot be saved in ignorance of the things of God. The most complete secular education obtainable may not in the least advance the prospects of the individual, in the way of salvation in the kingdom of God. The gospel of Christ does not require acquaintance with the science of geology, astronomy, or chemistry; nor of any other branch of secular education.

The conditions of salvation in our Father's kingdom are, "*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.*" His last admonition to the apostles was: "*Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.*" We are assured by Paul the apostle: "*He became the author of eternal life unto all them that obey him.*"

Hence the conditions of salvation are first, knowledge of God, and second, obedience to his laws.

"This is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true and living God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

In this dispensation this great truth has been made known to men: "*For behold this is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and the eternal life of man.*"

If we would most effectively promote the eternal welfare of man we would acquaint him with the gospel and do all in our power to enable him to obtain the testimony of Jesus Christ.

If we would promote the social, moral, spiritual, as well as the physical, welfare of man we would bring him within the influence

*An address before a conference of Religion Class workers, held in Barratt Hall, Oct. 7, 1923.

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and power of the gospel. Morality has no permanent abiding place outside of God. He is the author of all good.

The responsibility of teaching these truths to our children is placed upon the parents, by a great and solemn injunction of the Deity. If the parents shall fail in this regard, God will hold them guilty. Because of the failure on the part of parents for a generation or more, the world stands today perilously near to moral wreckage. There never was greater need of true religion in the world than today. Don't tell me that the recent collapse of the social, moral and religious world is a failure of Christianity. Christianity has not yet been tried. Every sacred obligation, every lofty ideal, every tender sentiment of Christianity has been trampled under the brutal feet of a barbarously unChristian power that seeks world dominance. Christ is still spurned and rejected as much as he was two thousand years ago in Jerusalem. Yet he is the only Savior of men. And now, as then, he is the only Savior of society.

He saved the world twenty centuries ago by three great, ever-present agencies. They are always the agencies of life and wholesome strength, or the agencies of sin and destruction. They are the *Home*, *Motherhood* and *Industry*. In his coming as the Babe of Bethlehem, being born of the Virgin, he re-exalted woman, again sanctified the Home, and, by his being the "son of a carpenter" and drawing around him his fisherman Saints, he dignified labor, and thus there arose a new world out of the ashes of the old, by reason of his revitalizing these three great forces of humanity. And the Church, of which he was the chief corner stone, was the instrument he provided for these accomplishments. We need not look to Europe with self-righteous airs. Figures and facts afford us no comfort in the situation.

In the issue of August 14, 1920, of the *Literary Digest*, a carefully prepared map of the United States appeared, showing the religious short-comings of each state with respect to the religious education of the children. This alarming head line appeared above the map:

America's Greatest Peril, The Spiritual Neglect of Childhood

"Distribution of over twenty-seven million children and youth (under 25 years) nominally Protestant, who are not enrolled in Sunday School and who receive no formal or systematic religious training. This is the seed plot of immorality, crime, social unrest and anarchy."

Below the map this disquieting inscription appeared: "*Spiritual illiteracy is the forerunner of moral bankruptcy and national decay.*"

From the article accompanying this graphic cartoon I quote a few of the significant suggestions made, looking to the redemption of the youth from their unbelief:

"It suggests that what America should do is to command every child

to attend the public schools, and then allow the different Churches, either separately or cooperating, to build up a system of week-day religious schools, giving time for such studies."

* * *

"There is no hope for the future in trying to force religion into the public school. The sooner we make up our minds to this situation the better it will be. There is no hope for the ultimate Christianization of America without a far more adequate system of religious education. *Each community should provide weekly schools wherein paid teachers of training should develop the moral and Spiritual natures of the children.* Such a system would cost money, but it is worth it."

In order to bring the serious minded Christians of each state face to face with the problem confronting them, the preparer of the map printed across the face of each state the exact number of children within the state who were without religious affiliation of any character. The very astonishing figures for Utah and Idaho are respectively 106,040 and 164,540. If these figures are accurate there are in these adjoining states more than a quarter of a million of religiously neglected children out of a total population of approximately one million.

The Particular Need of Religious Education as a Complement to Secular Schools

The religious training of the youth was a natural and a simple matter in some countries in times past where one creed or religion was universally adhered to. Under such circumstances the church was the great educator. We are inclined today to belittle the great service that such a system rendered. Nevertheless, just such an obsolete and intolerable circumstance has contributed tremendously to the progress and enlightenment of this age. The church has been our great school teacher and our librarian. There was much of power that grew out of unity. Those great unified religions have, since the revolution of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, become divided and subdivided until modern Christianity presents a multitudinous system called sectarianism. The term bespeaks denominational differences and disagreements. While we prefer the divided and conflicting religions of today to the compulsory unity of the past, because of the liberty of conscience we now enjoy, we must not altogether overlook the price we pay for this full swing of freedom. It is the one outstanding trait of mankind to go from one extreme to another. This trait is so manifest in human affairs that it may be called a fixed law. So, from the Acts of Parliament compelling all people in the kingdom to go to church more or less regularly, we have gone to the other extreme. A very small percentage of people go to church. Again, we pay the price of religious freedom, and for one, I am convinced that such freedom is, after all, worth the price we pay. Compulsion is not of God. It comes from another source entirely.

And so it is with respect to education. From religiously dom-

inated schools we have swung, like the pendulum, to the opposite extreme and have excluded religion altogether. With religious differences existing in our communities it is imperative, in order to preserve our perfect religious liberty, that religion shall be absolutely excluded from our public school system. Again, unhappily, we must pay the price, for instead of merely having non-religious schools we have irreligious schools. No nation ever stressed education more than this nation. And with the religious element eliminated from education we have reaped the harvest of unbelief and indifference with respect to religion. Non-religious schools have not promoted morals. Student life in America is not celebrated for its social purity and virtue. If the religious element could be infused into the life of the pupils from some proper source and in some unobjectionable manner, the public school might become a great bulwark against the vices and sins of the world. Instead of great aggregations of students becoming breeding centers for immodesty and other follies of a worse character that follow, it could become the most powerful agency for morality, spirituality and righteousness. It is regrettable that refinements are limited to the intellect. They ought to develop in the soul. There is nothing finer in human nature than a well-balanced and intelligent spirituality.

Immorality is not only a result of ignorance of God but it is an agency that is more or less permanently destructive of faith in God. That is true for the reason that faith is a gift of God and the spirit of God will not dwell in an unclean tabernacle.

I deplore the lack of the Christian spirit in our public school system. I realize, however, that it must be so under the circumstances controlling us today. We have no right to interfere with the religious views of our Jewish or Agnostic neighbors.

I have recently had great pleasure in reading Lytton Strachey's charming life of Queen Victoria. I am not making an original observation when I say that it is a book which everybody ought to read.

With respect to the religious education of Victoria, I will read a significant extract. Speaking of Victoria's mother, the author says:

"Her educational conceptions were those of Dr. Arnold, whose views were just beginning to permeate society. Dr. Arnold's object was, first and foremost, to make his pupils in the highest and truest sense of the word, Christian gentlemen.

Intellectual refinements might follow."

About the time of her accession her mother said of her: "Her adherence to truth is of so marked a character that I feel no apprehension of that Bulwark being broken down by any circumstances."

Religion alone makes the virtues so absolutely dependable. Victoria describes her own confirmation in these words:

"I felt that my confirmation was one of the most solemn and important events and acts of my life; and that I trusted that it might have a

salutary effect upon my mind. I felt deeply repentant for all that I had done which was wrong and trusted in God Almighty to strengthen my heart and mind; and to forsake all that was bad and follow all that is virtuous and right. I went with the firm determination to become a true Christian, and to try and comfort my dear Mamma in all her griefs and trials, and anxieties, and to become a dutiful and affectionate daughter to her."

What a reward to a mother's devotion, and how beautiful the assurance that her course in life would meet with divine favor.

What a priceless gift to an empire and to a whole world was Victoria! The world owes a large debt of gratitude to the religious education she received at the hands of Dr. Arnold and her pious mother.

*Need and Value of Religious Education to Children of the
Elementary Grades*

The time to give religious education is during the earliest period of impressionable infancy and youth. The Master said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The proverb of old says: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom."

For some hundreds of years we have been doing the most unscientific thing known to the educational world in connection with this subject. Some short-sighted parents have actually pursued the policy of letting the child decide for himself all matters pertaining to religion after he attains to maturity. Rather than interfere with the child's free agency in religious affairs he is deprived of all religious influences in his youth. Such parents would not permit their poultry, nor their cattle or other well bred stock to attain to maturity without guidance and culture, or careful training. The churches of Christendom are to some extent made up of a membership that knew little or no religious training through the impressionable and character-formative period of life. Many of them were indifferent to religion until, perchance, in middle-life, or later, some single experience comes into their lives and they join a church and "get religion." Such are made Christian in a day, and by the dozen, oftentimes. Well, of course, it is better to come to God late in life than never at all. You can't become a Christian in an instant, nor in a day, any more than you can become a doctor of philosophy or of medicine in a day. You belittle Christianity to think it possible. A real Christian is not one who has merely sensed a spiritual shock and becomes instantaneously transformed. The godly life is the longest course prescribed in the curriculum of man. It requires an eternity to master the whole course. And all along the never-ending path the applicant shall need and have the assistance of the Almighty. Talk about becoming a Christian in a day!

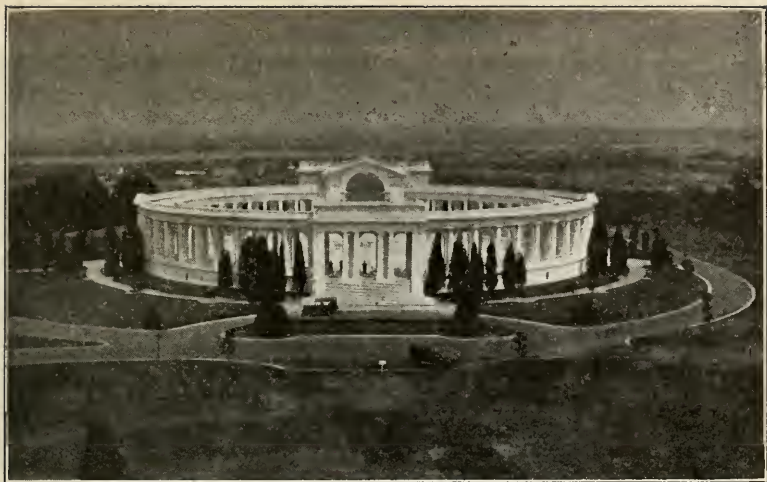
Talk about giving your soul to God! What a gift some of us offer him. Why not try to give him souls in their purity and let their

making and fashioning be according to his plan. He tells us that he would have us a "royal generation." That means he would have our lives yield to his plan through infancy, if not before, through youth to maturity and down to old age, "from the cradle to the grave," to walk through life hand-in-hand with him.

These late conversions, so miraculous in their nature, are often but a determination upon the part of the Deity to shake a man into a realization of what he has missed. I recall a good sort of a brother coming to me one day with this kind of a testimony. Said he, "Brother Morris, I have often heard you and President Emery and others say that you knew that this is the work of the Lord. I never knew just what you meant by that testimony until today, when I was invited by one of the apostles to unite with him in laying hands upon my son who is about to leave upon a mission. When in the act of setting him apart the Lord took hold of me and shook me so violently that I now know for myself as you do." Well I knew this good fellow a great deal better than he, perhaps thought I did. I knew that he had always been more or less careless in his habits, using tobacco and liquor and sometimes indulging in profanity and such things, and had to a large extent failed to set a worthy example to his children. So I said, "Well, I am glad the shock came to you. I always knew God would have to shake some of the earthly nonsense out of you in order to get a little light into your soul." What a regret it is that a man should do much to spoil his life and then, after almost succeeding in his efforts, become frightened at his apparent success and run to God in fear and offer the whole affair to him. And, if he accepts, the poor mortal, in his ignorance and disobedience, some times gets the notion that he is saved because God speaks a word of comfort to him in his distress.

How much better it is for the individual, for society, and for future generations, and how much more pleasing in the sight of God to give him your heart in your youth and thereby make a pure and sacred offering to him? God has compassion on the sinner and even pardon for the truly penitent, but he cannot love, or admire, sin in its deformities, nor can he admire, or find joy in an ungodliness that grows out of a thorough lack of religious training.

Therefore, let us seek, by the most effective means possible, and in a manner to which no enlightened person can object, to give to our children a religious training that shall be a factor for good and a potential influence for their salvation from the time that they enter school until they shall become enlisted in God's service. It is not possible to furnish Church schools in every community, but we can with intelligent effort organize Religion Classes that will be a complement of the public school system and give our children a genuine religious training. Our motto should be to have a Religion Class in every ward in the Church.



The memorial amphitheatre at Arlington, Virginia, which stands as a monument, not only to Washington, but to all national heroes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., A TRUE MONUMENT TO THE MAN

BY A. REX JOHNSON

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY STUDENT BODY

A mention of Washington immediately brings to my mind at least four thoughts: the man, the city, the monument and home, and the state. Each has a fascination and each a peculiar symbolism of the man. Each symbol is extraordinarily located—the picture in the hall of fame, the city in a wealth of forward movements, the monument and home in commanding situations, and the state in a garden spot of the universe.

But the symbolism is possibly most clearly seen in the nation's capitol, for Washington is preeminently the city beautiful. The predominance of white buildings, a symbol of purity, together with welcoming wide streets and their suggestion of openness, go hand in hand with the towering obelisk monument, in standing distinctly above the commonplace, as did Washington.

The absence of the smoke of industry permits those buildings and monuments to remain white, as was his soul. Yet the massiveness of the whole suggests a permanence comparable only to the deeds of the hero.

From that marvelous architectural panorama of the great wings and towering dome of the Capitol, past the absorbing Lincoln Memorial, to the glistening white marble shrine of patriotism, the Memorial Amphitheatre at Arlington, the visitor is enthralled by the almost endless number of sights of historic interest that in one way



Front of Mt. Vernon showing the usual summer afternoon crowds.

or another direct his attention to our Nation's father.

An almost endless store of surprises awaits all newcomers in Washington. To linger for a few moments in the stately rooms of the White House, to wander through the Botanical Gardens, or the historic Georgetown section, to stand in silence at the foot of the great monument which towers in his heroic memory—these alone make one wonder at the astute vision of that French engineer who late in the eighteenth century laid the plans for the city and suggested a few of these locations.

The massive Capitol, begun in 1793, the towering Washington Monument, begun in 1848, and the chambered Lincoln Memorial, begun in 1915, rise one after the other toward the west. Each is built of marble but is an improvement over the other. All face a rising sun but are westward placed, in keeping with the westward progress of the nation, and all are symbolic of the vision of the future which Washington possessed.

But perhaps the greatest feeling of awe comes when one glides slowly down the historic and placid old Potomac to Mt. Vernon and sees, long before landing, the famous colonial mansion with its many square porch pillars, gables, and white walls. The water-bordered weeping willows with their graceful and reverential forms add to the sacredness of the spot. No disturbing sound of any sort can be detected here. Erected high over the age-old stream, and with a commanding view on all sides, this colony of mansion and servant homes thrills one with a feeling of absolute seclusion—now not even akin to the outside world. The house, full of the actual articles and furniture used by Washington, gives one an insight into home life of that day that could be gained in no other way. The remains of the hero lie in a wooded glen at a lower level than the house, where

has been erected a tomb of red brick. This simple tomb is in direct contrast to the elaborate settings on every hand—simple yet appropriate.

So from the moment one enters the city through the white-domed railroad station, with its spacious rooms and Doric columns, all the while he travels over the elm-covered highways of the city with magnificent lawns and monuments on every side; and while he visits only a few of the hundreds of public buildings erected here, and while he visits the more inner recesses of the paths of the man, there is a feeling that he "who never told a lie" is fitly monumented in this the truly white city, which he himself assisted in locating.



The simple vine-covered tomb
of Washington at Mt. Vernon.

A Model Life

The woods are full of joy,
And faith in them we find,
But things we might enjoy
Are often left behind.

Our lives when first begun
With mortal state on earth,
Were pure as yonder sun,
Who still retains that birth.

So when the past reflects
Upon the human mind
It seems one can detect
True light has ceased to shine.

A model life to me,
Whose joy and Faith is great,
Is yonder aged tree
Which teaches all but fate.

Each limb is firmly set
To battle with the breeze,
And frosty years they met
With faith and did not freeze.

The roots did something, too,
To make the tree complete,
And held it firm and true
Through storms of snow and sleet.

The joy it gave to all,
With peaceful, whispering sigh,
Divinely seemed to call
To one while passing by.

Its life is spotless, clean,
Far more than human souls.
But mortal eyes have seen
The master life it moulds.

CHRISTEN HANSEN.

DESTRUCTION OF ANCIENT NATIONS IN AMERICA*

The Book of Mormon Message to the Gentile Nations Occupying the Land

BY B. H. ROBERTS, OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF SEVENTY AND
PRESIDENT OF THE EASTERN STATES MISSION

Two nations, with two distinct civilizations, occupied America in ancient times, and both had been destroyed before the arrival of the Europeans who came toward the close of the fifteenth century.

The Jaredites

The colony which developed into the first nation came direct from the Euphrates Valley—from the Tower of Babel, at the time of the confusion of languages. They were known as the Jaredites, because a leader of the colony was a man of that name—Jared. Through a special favor from God to the family of Jared, and his brother, Moriancumer, their language, and the language of a few of their friends, was not confounded. Under divine direction this colony departed from Babel northward, and thence were led through Asia, eastwardly, until they came to the shore of the great sea—the Pacific Ocean—"which divided the lands." Here they remained four years; and then by divine commandment constructed eight barges in which to cross the mighty ocean to a land of promise, to which God had covenanted to bring them; to a land "which was choice above all other lands, which the Lord God had reserved for a righteous people." The colony is generally supposed to have landed on the western coast of North America, probably south of the Gulf of California.

This colony finally so multiplied that it became a mighty people, one of the greatest nations of antiquity, with a population spread over a great part of eastern North America—including Central America, Mexico, thence northward to the great lakes, and from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. Their numbers, according to the record, must have exceeded ten millions of people.

The Jaredites had a varied experience: peace and war; famine, pestilence, revolutions; the usual ebb and flow of prosperity and adversity they experienced; wealth, corruption; then decline and barbarism, and finally destruction, up to utter extinction of the nation and race. This last calamity overtook them about six hundred years B. C., in the region of the Hill Cumorah, called by them Ramah, and about the time of the landing of the second colony upon the shores of America, *viz.*,

*Read by LeRoi C. Snow at the Smith Farm meeting, Cumorah Conference, Sept. 23, 1923.

The Nephites

The Nephites were a colony that came direct from Jerusalem, made up of families who were descendants of the Patriarch Joseph, son of Jacob. They were led by their prophets and seers to the land of America, where they also expanded into a nation. Internal strifes early separated them into two main divisions, known as Nephites and Lamanites. Plots and counter plots, leading to strifes and wars make up the varied history of these two peoples through a period of a thousand years. Then both divisions having so departed from the ways of righteousness as to lose the favor of God, a great civil war broke out in the fourth century A. D., in which the Nephites—who generally stood for civilization, religion and orderly government—were overwhelmed and destroyed by the barbarous Lamanites, also about the Hill Cumorah. After that the Lamanites, already degenerated into anarchy, lived on in a state of barbarism, resolved into the tribal relations obtaining when discovered by Europeans near the close of the fifteenth century.

The Colony of Mulek

There was another colony led from Jerusalem to America after the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, usually accounted as happening about 587 B. C. This colony was made up of Jews. In their wanderings in the north American continent, however, they came in contact with the Nephites and were absorbed by them, and lost their identity as a people. They were known as the colony of Mulek—the name of their leader.

This, in briefest outline, represents the coming of colonies to America, their expansion into nations, their decline and fall. It outlines a melancholy history. I refer to it here that it may teach its mighty lesson, and impart that lesson to the nations now occupying the lands of those ancient nations.

America a Promised Land—Choice Above All Other Lands

The Book of Mormon informs us that when the waters of the flood, which came in the days of Noah, receded from the face of this land of Zion—America, the western continents “became a choice land, above all other lands, a chosen land of the Lord; wherefore the Lord would have that all men should serve him who dwell upon the face thereof.” (Ether 13:2.)

When the Lord was leading the colony of Jared to this land of America, he would not suffer them to “stop beyond the sea in the wilderness, but he would that they should come forth even to the land of promise, *which was choice above all other lands*, which the Lord had preserved for a righteous people.”

“And he had sworn in his wrath unto the brother of Jared, that whoso should possess this land of promise, from that time henceforth and forever,

should serve him, the true and only God, or they should be swept off when the fulness of his wrath should come upon them.

"And now, we can behold the decrees of God concerning this land, that it is a land of promise; and whatsoever nation shall possess it shall serve God, or they shall be swept off when the fulness of his wrath shall come upon them. And the fulness of his wrath cometh upon them when they are ripened in iniquity.

"For behold, this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that doth possess it shall serve God or shall be swept off; for it is the everlasting decree of God. And it is not until the fulness of iniquity among the children of the land that they are swept off." (Ether 2:8-10.)

Then comes the special warning to the Gentile nations, who would occupy the land in our times:

"And this cometh unto you, O ye gentiles, that ye may know the decrees of God—that ye may repent, and not continue in your iniquities until the fulness come, that ye may not bring down the fulness of the wrath of God upon you as the inhabitants of the land have hitherto done.

"Behold, this is a choice land, and whatsoever nation shall possess it shall be free from bondage, and from captivity, and from all other nations under heaven, if they will but serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ, who hath been manifested by the things which we have written." (Ether 2:11, 12.)

This is a prophetic contribution to our American knowledge, and a warning also by Moroni, the abridger of, and the commentator upon the Jaredite history as we have it in his Book of Ether.

This message is echoed and re-echoed through the prophetic utterances of the records of the Nephites, and by special warnings of Christ himself. At one point of a communication made to the Nephites, the risen Christ said to them:

"And thus commandeth the Father that I should say unto you: At that day when the Gentiles shall sin against my gospel, and shall be lifted up in the pride of their hearts *above all nations, and above all the people of the whole earth*, and shall be filled with all manner of lyings, and of deceits, and of mischiefs, and all manner of hypocrisy, and murders, and priestcrafts, and whoredoms, and of secret abominations; and if they shall do all those things, and shall reject the fulness of my gospel, behold, saith the Father, I will bring the fulness of my gospel from among them.

"And then will I remember my covenant which I have made unto my people, O house of Israel, and I will bring my gospel unto them.

"And I will show unto thee, O house of Israel, that the Gentiles shall not have power over you; but I will remember my covenant unto you, O house of Israel, and ye shall come unto the knowledge of the fulness of my gospel.

"But if the Gentiles will repent and return unto me, saith the Father, behold they shall be numbered among my people, O house of Israel." (III Nephi 16:10-13).

There is much more to the same effect, but let this suffice for the present. Here is sufficient set forth of the message of the Book of Mormon to show the great and proud Gentile nation that it was

foreseen that such a nation would be raised up in the Western World in the last days. A glorious station is to be granted unto it; inso-much that its people would become "lifted up in the pride of their hearts above all nations, and above all the people of the whole earth." A condition to which the nation of the United States has most certainly attained. And that exalted station they may hold if they adhere to righteousness and worship the God of the land, who is pro-



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claimed to be Jesus Christ. And if that proud nation will not observe these two things, then woe be unto it, for its doom is sealed, its fate is fixed. It will be destroyed, even as the other nations have been destroyed which occupied the land before it—the Jaredites and the Nephites.

These prophetic warnings to this great Gentile nation—our nation, the United States of America—constitute one of the most important messages of the Book of Mormon to the modern world. It is a message of both national and international importance; for so are the relations of the United States interwoven with the nations of all

the earth that no large calamity can overtake our nation but what would spell disaster to all other nations of the earth.

Hear, then, this warning, O thou proud, Gentile nation that leads the world in power and excellence of dominion, and unto whom is accorded by universal acclamation the leadership among the nations of the earth. That pride of place is thine, and thou mayest hold it on the condition of strict adherence to righteousness, and honoring the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ. On these two conditions depend all thy prestige, all thy glory, all thy power—thy pride of place. If there has been in any measure a departure from the path direct of righteousness, individually and nationally—and who can doubt that there has been?—even then if thou wilt but *repent*, thy God, yea, the God of thy Fathers, will be swift to forgive—and to hold thee in thy high place of prestige, and power, and glory.

This is iterated and re-iterated through this volume of American scripture, the Book of Mormon, and constitutes a message of great national importance. Will ye not heed it, O ye Gentiles? And by heeding the warning, live? And living, fulfil the high mission which God has assigned to you in the achievement of his high purpose in the last days. God grant that you may have the faith and the grace for these high things.

Blustery Weather

Dreary is the grayish sky,
Moisture-laden winds are high;
Hungry birdies, fretting, cry
As they swiftly homeward fly.

Swaying, bending, sighing low,
Stand the trees in quivering row,
Rain-soaked and a-dripping so
That they lean in arching bow.

Little grasses 'neath our feet
Close to Mother earth now creep,
Seeking shelter from the sleet
That's wind-blown o'er lawn and street.

Barn doors, in the wind's breath,
 bang;
Creak the hinges where they hang,
Shrieking like some death-stirred pang
That in winter storms hath rung.

The ground is wet, a-reeking through;
Dry things left are but a few.
If wind and rain don't stop, who
Can tell us what we'll ever do?

But be patient, this won't last,
God in storms his blessings casts
O'er the earth, as in the past
Gave he sunshine; so, stand fast.

Life is as the weather here:
One day blustery, next day clear;
Just trust the Lord, have no fear,
Then he'll guide you through this sphere.

When this mortal life is o'er,
And on earth we dwell no more,
May our spirits onward soar
To that stormless, heavenly shore.

Laie, Oahu.

M. F. KIRKHAM.

THE HEARTS OF THE FATHERS

BY FRANK C. STEELE

Rev. Archibald Smythe-Wight, D. D., pastor of Lee Street Methodist church, closed his Bible and looked out of the study window.

It was a dull Saturday afternoon in October. A heavy drizzle was falling and the trams rumbled drearily along the street. Blurred blotches of light were already in their windows against which were silhouetted motley groups of Lancashire working people.

It was a cold, clammy day outside, but inside the preacher's study the atmosphere was smug and quiet. Every detail of the room was in harmony, the whole bespeaking good taste and culture—Oxford culture. Rows of richly-bound books lined the walls, flanked with rare paintings in oil, while about the place were, among other features, a sculptured bust of an eminent bishop, bits of antique from distant corners of Europe and the Holy Land, and here and there rugs of exclusive workmanship. A fire glowed in the open fire-place.

Archibald Smythe-Wight rubbed a white, delicate hand across his eyes. He was plainly fatigued. He called a maid, who soon returned with a cup of steaming bovril.

"Thanks, Martha," he said quietly, as the maid turned to go. "O, I say, Martha, if Mr. Horace Summers calls, show him in at once."

On the writing desk beside the Bible lay a small pad of notes held together by three tiny rings. The clergyman, after he had finished the beverage, turned on an electric reading light at his elbow, and read again the inscription across the top of the first page.

"What of the Dead?"

His face paled a trifle as it turned appealingly upward a moment later. The light from the fire fell directly on it. It was a strong, youthful face—but sad. Marks of struggle it bore, mental struggle, soul struggle.

"O, this uncertainty, this doubt, this fear," he cried, "It is maddening. This parade, this show. What will be the outcome? Wilt thou not in thine infinite mercy, Lord, give thy church again the flaming torch of revelation?"

And then all was still.

The massive head of Dr. Smythe-Wight fell forward on his arms resting across the open pages of the Holy Word.

And the fire in the grate burned low. Outside, the trams moved like spectres through the darkness. And a factory whistle, far across the canyons of dirty houses and shops, moaned—hoarsely.

The clergyman was startled a quarter of an hour later when a light tapping fell on the door of the study, and a stout, immaculately-dressed gentleman appeared.

"Come in, Summers, come in," cried Smythe-Wight, heartily grasping the visitor's hand.

"By Jove, Smythe-Wight, you look like a corpse. Too much work and worry, old man. Better come to the south of France with me next week. Would be delighted to have you. You need a rest. This after-war chaos is wrecking you as it is a good many more over-zealous men. Let Barrett, your assistant, take your place for a fortnight—why not?"

"I'll see, Summers, I'll see. It's jolly decent of you, old chap, to suggest the trip, but really, you know, I can't promise. You see—"

"Yes, go on."

"Well—I'm facing a big issue, Summers."

And the face of the minister was grave.

"Rot! Forget your religion for awhile. I notice you are going to tell us something about the dead at service tomorrow night, Archie. Take my advice—you know. I'm what they call nowadays a hard-headed business man—well, let the dead alone, Smythe-Wight. Look after the living, including yourself, or you'll be needing a first class undertaker."

"Yes, Summers, that is all very well for a cold, business intellect that looks upon religion as more or less of a necessary ballast to society, but which hesitates to acknowledge its divine character. But religious folk—like my people, Summers—refuse to let the dead alone. They are asking questions—now."

"Oh, I know. It's this after-war restlessness—a temporary world insanity. And it is being fed by this silly spiritism of Lodge and Doyle and others of their ilk. It is upsetting the nation; that is, the common classes. It is not reaching the thinking people, the great leaders of business and public affairs. Thanks to good old Anglo-Saxon conservatism, these men and women have maintained their equilibrium."

"Quite true, Summers, but my congregation for the most part is composed of working people and tradesmen, and they are inquisitive. I tell you, they are inquisitive."

"Well—"

"Well—I must speak, and—and—I must tell them—"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, Summers?"

"Just what I say. I repeat, tell them nothing about their dead. You don't know anything about the dead, anyway, now do you, old chap? I like to pin down you fellows of the cloth to hard facts. It is mentally stimulating and no less amusing at times."

"Yes, Summers, I confess frankly—we have little specific knowledge of that 'unknown country.' Not since the days of St. John the Beloved, has any traveler returned to tell us about it. You are right, our knowledge of the state of the dead is limited, very limited."

Summers laughed.

"A little more light is due, isn't it, Archie?"

"That is just it, Summers, just it. The church needs another Pentecost, additional light on the fundamental truths of the great Christian faith. Fundamental principles are being ruthlessly attacked by critics, learned and otherwise. The Bible, unfortunately, is not always clear, and for this reason it is being picked to pieces by these militant materialists. And the masses are falling hopeless victims to the many, many lies abroad in the earth."

"Of course, they are. And there is a reason, Smythe-Wight. The church, sound at heart though she is, has not kept pace with the times. Doyle has the edge on you old-fashioned preachers. He is stark mad, I confess, but he can tell your Lancashire mill-hand all about his son, Bob, killed at the Marne. Why, even the 'Mormons' have a clearer hope to offer him than the pale, fragile church of my father, dear though she is."

"My dear Summers, concerning these new movements—spiritism, Russellism, Adventism, 'Mormonism,' these strong delusions spoken of by the ancient apostles—I tell you, Summers, 'the mystery of iniquity doth already work.' This cobbler, living beneath the very shades of my church, is spreading this dangerous doctrine of hope beyond the grave. And I fear, yes, I tremble, in knowing that he is being listened to by members of my own flock."

"I am not surprised," cried Summers, waving his hand. "His new doctrine sounds mighty good to simple, plodding hearts. And, speaking bluntly, old top, you preachers sing beautiful songs and deliver polished prayers and sermons, but when the working-folk ask you for bread you are forced to give them a stone, for, unfortunately, Luther and Knox and our own dear Wesley made no provisions for the salvation of poor Private Jones, who thought little of God and heaven and such things until he got in the way of a German bullet and prepared to 'go west' with thousands of his mates. No, Private Jones was not religious—but he was a pretty good chap, just the same, Summers. And you can hold out no hope for him. Your religion is pretty, but it isn't red-blooded, Archie, it isn't red-blooded."

"Well, Summers, you are exceedingly critical, and I cannot altogether agree with you, but go on."

"What's the use? The whole matter is of no permanent interest. Personally, as a business man, I'm for the old order, and I'm convinced that it will be restored. These waves of passion, as history shows, run their course. But we must take a sensible stand. We must do nothing to encourage this revolution of ideas that is disturbing the nation, Smythe-Wight. It is bad for business. Efficiency is away below the pre-war mark. Contentment must be restored, and the power to restore it lies in the solid, sober, unmoveable old church, the very church I have been calling a laggard."

"But, Summers, while I agree with you in the main on these points, what stand must the church take in the crisis?"

"Archie, think a minute. As I view it, the church must stand on the rock of her traditions. To renounce these would undermine the faith of the masses in the integrity of the church and her clergy. Stick to dogma. Fight shy of these new theories that put new and dangerous thoughts in the minds of the working classes. Denounce them. Preach of heaven and of angels if you must, Smythe-Wight, but make sure your angels are not like Doyle's—make sure they wear wings."

"But, Summers, if it should happen that deep down in your heart there is a lurking question concerning the scope of Christ's great plan of redemption—what then? What if your view should conflict with those of the church, as handed down through the centuries and still held as authoritative?"

"Why, think as you like, Archie, but listen, don't preach it. I know how you feel. Many of us think the old church is a bit out-of-date and should be ventilated. But, my dear man, it doesn't pay. Stick to orthodoxy. Take my advice. I know men. The church will win in the end. It is merely a matter of time. She has weathered the storms so far, and although she is somewhat feeble, she'll buck up."

"But this sermon tomorrow, Summers," cried Smythe-Wight despairingly. "I'll have to give the poor souls something—something to cheer them. They are looking for it."

There was a merry twinkle in Summer's eyes as he said: "That ought to be easy for a shrewd preacher, Smythe-Wight." Then—

"Tell them the truth—of hell, if you choose. But don't give an inch of ground. If you stick to the solid principles of the church doctrines they have been accustomed to hearing, that traditional awe, now waning a bit, will be restored. Waver, and you are lost. And listen to me, Archie, don't compromise with this simple-minded 'Mormon' cobbler. It is all a fraud, anyway. 'Mormonism' is an outcast among the churches, if I am not mistaken. It is neither Roman, Protestant, or Jewish. It is nothing but a—bubble."

"Yes, yes, a bubble, Summers, but it doesn't burst."

"Well, it will."

"Yes, yes, of course, it will. The false always falls to the earth a ruin, doesn't it?"

"And, Archie, hear me again. Cut out this question box at your services, at this revival you are staging against my advice. This question box will yet prove your undoing."

"Nonsense, Summers, nonsense. It is one of the biggest attractions at our meetings."

"Very well, I suppose you know best. But do be prudent, old man. I want to see you rise in your profession. You are in line, you know, for one of the best pastorates in London. You are educated, keen, virile, ambitious. Don't be a fool. Don't get carried away by these revolutionary movements. It doesn't pay, Archie. The

substantial people of the nation won't stand for it, I tell you. They know what they want and they demand it."

The young minister thought for a moment before he spoke.

"I guess you are right, Horace, you always were."

"Of course, I'm right. Come. You need a change—the sea, the salt breezes, the blue sky, the green fields—golf. These ignorant mill folk and smoke, the monotony of the north will send you mad, stark mad."

"Thanks, Summers. I'm glad you called. I feel relieved—better, steadier. You know, I just believe I'll chuck my job for a couple of weeks and go abroad with you. I really do believe it would put me on my feet."

"Righto, now you are talking like your old self, Archie. The chap I knew in dear old Oxford."

"Dear old Oxford."

"Do you remember," cried Summers, "the day of the last boat race with Cambridge, when—"

And the two men of rank were back in the delicious realm of college memories.

And Sunday's sermon, and the hungry hearts of plain folk sitting about lonely hearths, were forgotten.

* * * * *

It was growing dark in the little shoe shop on Lee Street. The cobbler finished sewing a sturdy pair of children's boots, tied them neatly together, and placed them beside other boots, large and small, ranged on the shelf against the wall.

This done, he adjusted his silver-rimmed spectacles and lighted a sputtering gas jet.

The face of the cobbler was kindly, grave and dignified, and yet humor twinkled out of a pair of clear, blue eyes. His hair was gray, his head well-shaped and striking. It sat on a pair of shoulders, slightly bent but still strong. His movements were spry and graceful. Altogether, he was what is described today as a well-preserved man.

A girl, perhaps twelve, came into the little shop, running up to the cobbler and kissing his hand.

"On time, I see, Lucy. I've just this minute finished them. Here they are," said the cobbler, smiling, as he wrapped the boots and handed the parcel to his agreeable little patron.

"Thanks so much, Grandpa Gregory," said the child, as she threw her arms around the old man's neck and kissed his cheek. "Us children all love you so much. I just can't tell you how much I love you, grandpa."

"No more, Lucy dear, than Grandpa loves you." And great tears came to the eyes of the cobbler.

"And when the men down around the mill swear about you, it makes me mad, and I tell them you are a good, kind Grandpa Gregory."

"I know you do, Lucy. You are loyal to your grandpa, aren't

you? But, Lucy dear, these men won't always laugh at me because I'm old and tell them about God and the gospel."

"That is so, Grandpa. They will be sorry they ever called you bad names. I know God must feel like thrashing them."

The cobbler laughed outright at this outburst of youthful indignation. And Lucy clenched her chubby little fists.

"No, Lucy, God is patient and kind and forgiving—yes, very forgiving, just like his children should be."

"Yes, Grandpa, but when they call you old 'Mormon' I just feel like thrashing them myself. I do. And then—when—I get alone I cry 'cause I know you are good and kind to poor people like us."

The old man wiped his eyes.

"And, Grandpa," Lucy sobbed, "they do say you are going a long, long way off over the sea to America. But you are not, are you? We won't let you."

"Yes, Lucy dear, some day Grandpa Gregory may leave Bolton."

"O no, no," cried the little suppliant tearfully. "You wouldn't go away, would you, without me and Bobby and Mama?"

"Lucy, my child, calm yourself. I am not going to leave you for a long time yet. Besides, you must stay in Bolton and go to school, help your mother with Bobby, and grow up to be a good and noble young lady, a school teacher, perhaps. But look, Lucy, it is getting dark outside. You must run home now."

Reluctantly, the child obeyed, pressing a farewell kiss on the cobbler's hard hand.

"Goodnight, Lucy. God bless you and Bobby and your mama."

"Goodnight, dear Grandpa."

And the mite was swallowed up in the fog.

Later, in the same evening, Lucy sat at the feet of her mother before a blazing grate fire. Bobby was busy making a ship on one side of the polished fender, while Flossie, the family cat, lay comfortably curled up on the opposite side.

Out of doors it was raining, the gusts of wind and sleet pelting the windows in intermittent volleys.

"Isn't God good to us, Lucy? We have plenty to eat and wear and a nice warm house to live in," said Mrs. Curtis, as she stroked her daughter's curls.

"Yes, indeed, Mama, and Grandpa Gregory says the Lord will always care for his children no matter where they are. He'll even forgive sinners, Mama, if only they'll be real, real sorry and pray to him."

"Did Grandpa Gregory say that, dear?"

"Yes, Mama, and many more grand things."

"What other things, Lucy?"

"Well, he says that Brother Jack is alright, and that he will not be tormented forever and ever. He says he will hear of Jesus and some day will accept him as his Savior, and that we shall meet Jack again

in heaven if we live right. And, Mama, this made me feel very happy."

Lucy's wistful, brown eyes lighted up with joy.

There was silence in which the minds of both mother and child recalled a precious memory—the memory of Jack Curtis, who with thousands of British Tommies had given his life, young, vigorous and full of promise, in the Great War, at that time, just ended.

"Can this be true?" said the mother softly, as she gazed into the grave eyes of her child. "Lucy, your brother was a good boy, an honest, hard-working boy, but rough and careless at times, especially after daddy left us. But he was a good boy, was Jack."

"I know he was, Mama, and so does Grandpa Gregory. He knew brother so well, you know, Mama. I believe what Grandpa Gregory says. I wouldn't like God if he punished Brother Jack forever and kept him in the dark place that Miss Halpenny tells us about in Sunday school class. Mama, was brother a sinner?"

"He wasn't perfect, Lucy, and he never joined the church. He didn't like the minister and his sermons. He used to say they didn't agree with the Bible. Jack knew his Bible, Lucy. No, he wasn't really a sinner, dear. He wasn't bad at heart, and he was clean—yes, I know my boy was clean."

"Mama, is Grandpa Gregory a sinner?"

"I don't know, Lucy, why?"

"Well, Uncle Tom Weatherby doesn't like him, and says he is stirring up trouble in Bolton. He says he's a 'Mormon' and will have to get out pretty soon."

"But you're mistaken, Lucy. Your Uncle Tom has read some of Mr. Gregory's books. Why, we were only talking about them yesterday."

"Well, when he's with the crowd he says mean things about Grandpa Gregory. I've heard him. Mama, do you believe Grandpa Gregory's books?"

"How could I, Lucy? The pastor says he is a false teacher, one of the enemies of Christ spoken of in the Bible. Why Lucy he is a 'Mormon'."

The child's face was a study.

"But, Mama, he is good and kind to poor people like us, and the pastor never sees me when he passes me. Mama, are all 'Mormons' wicked?"

"The pastor says so, Lucy."

"Then I don't believe the pastor."

"Lucy!"

"Well, Mama, I don't, for Grandpa Gregory loves me and everybody else in the world, even the men who hate him. And, Mama, he mends lots of boots for nothing. I love him, and so does Bobby."

"Yep, Mumsy, he's my Grandad, I don't care what the pastor says," chimed the young ship-builder, looking up at the mention of his name.

"Children, hush! I forbid this talk. Remember that the pastor is God's servant and we must honor him. And, Lucy, Mr. Smythe-Wight is going to preach a sermon about our dear, dead boys tomorrow night. He is going to settle all this talk we've been hearing since this dreadful war."

"O, Mama, may I go to the service with you? I am so interested, and I would love to hear the pastor preach in a real service. We only hear him in Sunday school, you know."

"I'll see, Lucy, perhaps I'll take you this time."

"And may I take Grandpa Gregory with us, Mama? Please let me."

"Why, dear, this is ridiculous. Of course not. If Mr. Gregory wishes to attend service he knows the way. The church is near his shop. No, Lucy, we'll go—alone."

Lucy made no answer. Her manner during the remainder of the evening was quiet and thoughtful. Soon after the talk before the fire, she kissed her mother goodnight, and with Bobby went upstairs to bed.

Downstairs, Mrs. Curtis still sat before the fire. The rain was now a torrent, and the wind sighed through the half-naked branches of the trees outside the windows of the flat. The gas jet flickered. The cat, stretched at full length before the lowering embers, mewed wondrously. And the clock struck eleven.

An open book lay on the floor at the woman's feet. It was a small volume, little more than a tract, and across the cover was printed the name: *Rays of Living Light*.

The clock struck eleven-thirty. Twelve. Still the woman was before the fire. But now she was kneeling in prayer—the tract clutched tightly in her two hands.

* * * * *

And just at that hour, in another part of the city, Rev. Dr. Archibald Smythe-Wight of Lee Street Methodist Church, awakened with a start. His head was swimming, disordered. He was cold. The room was very dark and very quiet.

He was alone.

Yet, was he alone? He could not answer, for he had seen a light, an open Bible, a familiar but mystifying passage from the fourth chapter of St. Peter's first epistle, sixth verse. He could not forget it.

"For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit."

The words stuck fast to his whirling brain. The experience he could not crowd out of his mind—dream, manifestation, trance, hallucination, vision or whatever his perplexing mental disturbance was. He was not a believer in such things. Visions were things of the past. And yet he had seen a light, the Book, the flaming words of the chief apostle.

It was after three o'clock before sleep again came to the eyes of the young clergyman.

* * * * *

It was Sunday in Bolton.

The cotton mills were idle, the chimneys, smokeless and gaunt, rising like lonely sentinels to meet the fog. It was another wet day, one typical of the north of England climate. A pale sun flickered feebly through the drizzle veiling the city—vast, brooding, mysterious.

From his room, Dr. Archibald Smythe-Wight looked out. It was an ugly view that greeted his eyes—the backs of dingy houses, hideous in the ghastly half-light of the early morning.

The minister shuddered.

His face was drawn and haggard. He had slept little and the memory of the perplexing experiences of the night pursued him. What could it all mean?

Arising to the issues confronting him, Smythe-Wight summoned to his aid that reserve force natural to vigorous youth. It was a momentous day—a holy day on which he had resolved to cry down the enemies of the church, to solemnly warn his flock against current evils, and to set them right once and for all on the great basic truths of the faith of their fathers.

Specifically, he had resolved to denounce "Mormonism" with all the power and authority of his ministerial office, holding up before them the quiet but menacing propaganda of this ignorant shoemaker—Andrew Gregory. Yes, this "Mormon" should be the type—the Anti-Christ—he decided. It would form a dramatic climax to the sermon of the last of a series of remarkable revival meetings.

As he dressed, the young clergyman felt relieved. He had reached a decision. How very important are our decisions! His course was clear. His brain was once more that cool, analytical member that had made Smythe-Wight the giant of his last year at Oxford.

He ate a hearty breakfast.

As he finished the meal the morning sun burst through the fog, flooding the room with its warmth.

"How glorious! Methinks this is a good omen. O Lord, send us, we pray, more of thy great Light," fervently cried the pastor, as he drank in the sunshine.

Scarcely had the last word of the prayer escaped his lips, than the vision of the night before appeared in startling distinctness before him. Later, when he climbed the stairs to his room to prepare for the morning service, he clung to the banister.

* * * * *

Lee Street Methodist church was crowded.

The subject of the pastor's sermon had spread on wings. Coming at the close of the revival, a premonition of some new revelation had seized the hearts of the church folk of the neighborhood. With

grave and expectant faces the worshipers took their seats in the stately old church, rich in its traditions.

The pulpit was high above the heads of the people. When the pastor appeared, tall and handsome in his flowing surplice, his first move was to look over the sea of faces. He was visibly moved.

For a moment he surveyed the scene before him. He noticed many strangers sprinkled among his own flock. There sat Horace Summers, his trusted friend, in his pew at the front of the church, while across the aisle sat the Widow Curtis and her girl, and another.

Could it be true?

The cobbler of Lee Street—that "Mormon."

The preacher's voice was halting as he began to speak. But soon it gained its fluency and clearness. In a stream his ringing utterances fell on the ears of his congregation. They were following every word he spoke. There was a note of victory in his voice as he threw out the challenge of the church.

Fearlessly and clearly he presented the position of the church on the absolute necessity of conversion in this life; of the fixity of one's destiny at death; of the agony of the sinner, and the joy of the redeemed. In describing the punishment of sinners his polished manner gave place to one of almost fiendish triumph. It was a bold, sweeping effort, and the people stirred in their seats. Never had they heard such preaching.

In truth the preacher had ventured farther than he had dared to imagine, and when he reached the point before appointed for the grand denouement of the gray-haired cobbler sitting respectfully before him, speech failed. He could not go on. An intangible something choked back the words. And he closed his sermon abruptly.

The questions came next. Hurriedly, one by one, they were disposed of, for the pastor was plainly nervous and weary.

Suddenly his face burned crimson. The sheet of paper in his hand shook violently.

"The Anti-Christ!" he cried. "The Anti-Christ is here—here in our midst tonight. Look about you, beloved. I warn you again. He has submitted a question, innocent on its face as are his ways, but damning in its import. Beloved, with this solemn warning I shall leave you. I shall not answer the question submitted."

"No, no, Pastor," came from half a dozen in the body of the church, "give the devil his due. Let's hear the question and your answer."

"Question! Question!"

Excitement was seizing the people, and staid church folk looked around them in silent condemnation of such an outrage in the sacred edifice and during divine service.

"Never. I shall not soil my hands with it. Our church has already been desecrated by the presence of this man, this Anti-Christ. And yonder, yonder he sits. There is the deceiver."

And the pastor pointed at Andrew Gregory, the cobbler.

A hush fell over the church as hundreds of eyes followed the accusing finger of the minister.

"Mormon," someone hissed.

And a subdued wave of anger swept over the assemblage.

Then the cobbler arose, calmly facing the young priest, now trembling with emotion. "There is some mistake," he said, and his firm, pleasing face seemed to still the waves of gathering passion as did the voice of the Master, the billows of Galilee. "I asked no questions, Mr. Smythe-Wight. I came to listen and to learn."

"That's true, pastor," shouted a voice in the rear. "I put in that question. Mr. Gregory had nothing to do with it."

A cynical smile swept over the preacher's countenance at this.

"Very well, Brother Weatherby, perhaps you can tell us the question."

"That I can, sir that I can. I know the question you are now holding in your hand."

"Very well—go on, tell us."

There was a breathless stillness.

Then the broad Lancashire voice of Tom Weatherby rang out:

"Please explain the sixth verse of the fourth chapter of First Peter: '*For this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.*'"

The face of the young pastor was ashen. He started to speak but failed, and the slip of paper in his hand fluttered to the aisle beneath him.

It fell at the feet of Horace Summers, who crumpled it in his hand.

Dr. Smythe-Wight disappeared.

A confused assistant stumbled through the remainder of the service.

The people, strangely silent, filed through the lighted portals of the church into the night.

The fog grew denser, and a tram grouped its way through the shadows.

* * * * *

Widow Curtis and Lucy were again seated before the fire. The child was smiling into the face of her mother.

"And some day, Mama, let's go to America and again live near Grandpa Gregory."

"Perhaps, Lucy, if the Lord is willing. It is my prayer that we shall be able to emigrate to the Land of Zion and become saviors for our loved ones."

"I don't exactly understand you, Mama, but I know these things make you very happy—this new gospel."

"Yes, dear, O so very, very happy!"

"We are very happy tonight, aren't we, Mama, just we three, and

somehow I feel that Brother Jack and Daddy are not far away from us, and that they are happy, too."

"I, too, feel their presence, Lucy. I have for the last two weeks."

"Indeed they are close, Mama, for Grandpa Gregory says they often visit the earth—that the hearts of the fathers turn to the children and the children to the fathers. That's how he says it. I don't understand it, Mama, yet, but it sounds so beautiful."

"It is beautiful, my dear. And, Lucy, didn't Grandpa Gregory look grand when he spoke tonight. His dear, old face shone like an angel's. As soon as I saw him arise to speak, Lucy, I knew he was a man of God."

"And wasn't Uncle Tom Weatherby a brick, Mama, to face the pastor and all those people? Perhaps he was thinking of Cousin Wilford and Cousin Lloyd killed in the war, Mama."

"O, it was splendid of Uncle Tom, and I think I shall never forget the passage from St. Peter that he read."

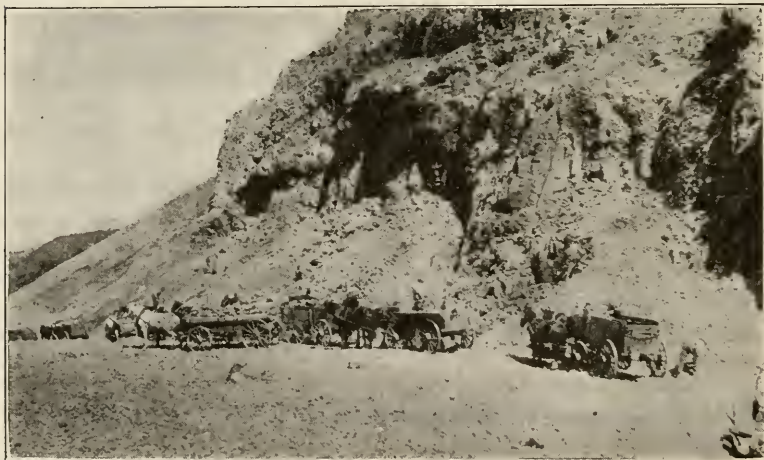
"Read it again, Mama. It has brought us so much happiness, I want to learn it by heart and surprise Grandpa Gregory tomorrow."

Eagerly the mother turned the pages of the family Bible, and from the epistle of the chief apostle read:

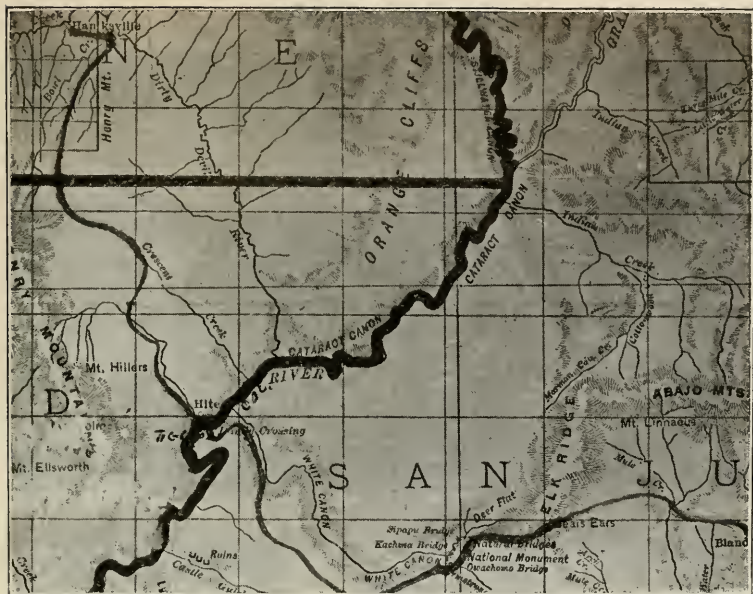
"For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit."

And tears—tears of joy—came to the eyes of the mother and the child.

Lethbridge, Canada.



This is a picture of the Providence rock quarry which supplies limestone for the Amalgamated Sugar Company's factories. It is the biggest and best of its kind in the intermountain region, so pronounced by H. L. Hammond, who took the picture at Providence, Utah.



Map showing the trail traveled from Hanksville, Utah, at the upper lefthand corner to Hite, or Tic-a-boo, at the crossing of the Colorado river, and thence to Blanding, Utah, at the extreme lower right of the map.

TALES OF THE TRAILS

BY JOE HICKMAN

The past is always interesting to the present. Youth sits on the knees of old age, looks into his eyes and says, "Tell me a story, Grandpa." Imagination makes realistic to youth that which to us older ones is bare history. Yet we would love to live over the dreams of our childhood. We would give much to realize the actual event of the Indian raid, as we did when as children we heard the story from the old man's lips and took part with him in our imagination.

The past lives. Primitive man may be studied in the wilds of the African swamps. Prehistoric conditions may be known by a study of the peoples living in similar conditions today. The West of '49 may be found in isolated spots in many parts of America. One of these spots is in Southeastern Utah. On the trail that leads from the "end of the road" at Hanksville, Utah, for two hundred miles, through deep canyons, over high divides, and fords the roaring Colorado, then leads on to the end of the trail at Blanding, Utah, one may study, one may enjoy, the life of the West of '49, '65, or '80, as he chooses.

In company with a congressional party, led by Congressman Daniel R. Anthony, Jr., of Kansas, and Congressman Louis C. Crampton, of Michigan, I followed the trail outlined above. Along the trail



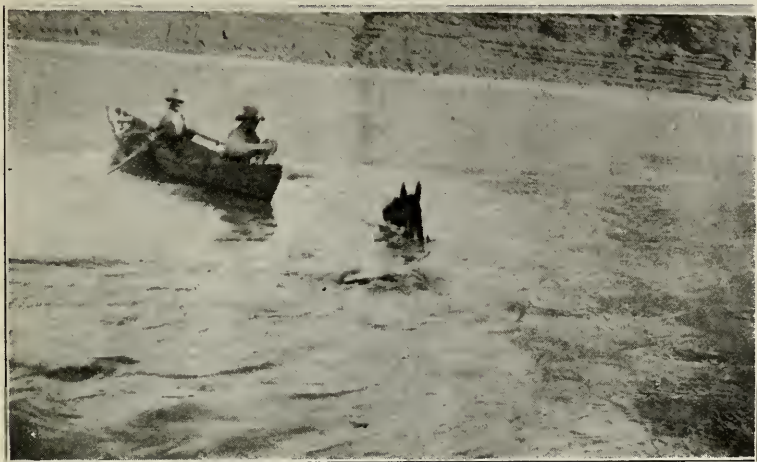
Top: Bell Butte on the trail about thirty miles from Hite. Bottom: Cutting out steers near Kigalia, ranger station, La Sal National Forest on our trail.

we studied the life that is now past history. We heard tales of the trails,—the trail that we traveled, and those which led from it. These tales of the trails were interesting to us, the youth of today, spoken by the old man of the past. So here I chronicle a few of those *Tales of the Trails*.

The oldest tale, not the first we heard, must be of how the trail came to be. This must be legendary, for the makers of the trail were not historic,—they did not know the art of writing. They were Indians, coming from the desert region east of the river to hunt for deer on the Henry Mountains, west of the river. They had found the possible fords before the first whites came into the region. The name of one, Tic-a-boo still exists. Friendly, is the English version

of the word, and such no doubt the Indians found the crossing in comparison with the other crossings of the region.

I have said that the makers of the trail did not know how to write; but they did leave records. On the rocks along the trail are the markings they made before white man came to the region. Of some of these, one may easily guess the meaning; others seem devoid of any meaning, but doubtless were clear to the red man. Of the first class is a drawing on the face of a rock at the mouth of Four Mile canyon. This canyon enters the Colorado about six miles above Tic-a-boo. The drawing is plainly of the trail that leads up the canyon to Mt. Ellsworth, one of the Henry mountains. The moun-



Taking the leader across the Colorado river at Hite, Utah.

tain is indicated by a circular drawing and the trail is truly pictured by a crooked mark leading from what is representative of the river. Every turn of the trail is indicated and a more true road map would be hard to find. Drawings of deer and goats in outline indicate that these animals may be found on the trail, most, however, on the mountain. This remains true today.

Among the first to use the trail in historic times were the prospectors. They use it mostly to this day. Still following the lure of the evasive yellow streak they are to be found at unlooked-for intervals along the trail. Amasa M. Lyman, now residing at Teasdale, Utah, informs me that he drew the first buckboard over this trail exactly forty years ago. Copper, discovered across the river at what is known as Copper Butte, sent him on a three-hundred mile trip to Moab to record his claims. Others were after the same claim, thinking, as did he, that it would make the one who first established his legal claims, a man of wealth. But Lyman was too quick for the



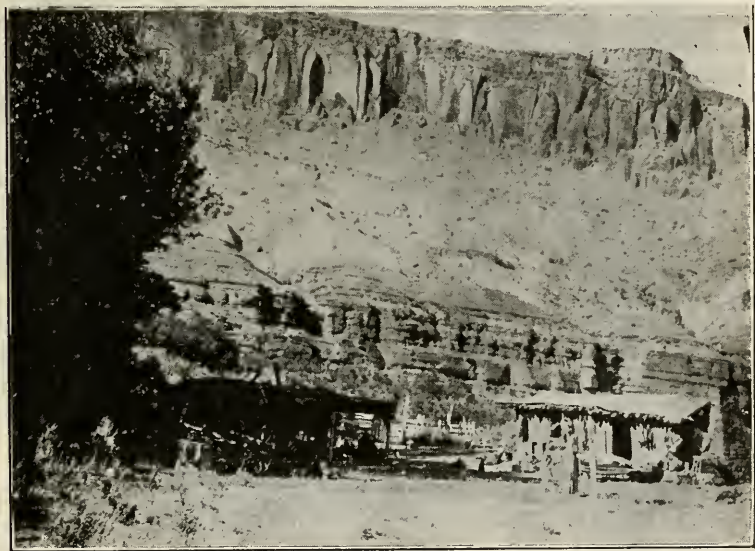
Top: Jess shoeing horses at noon day halt at Trachyte Canyon, near Mexican cave. Bottom: Typical sheepherder's camp along the trail on the Henry mountains in the summer, or on the deserts near the Colorado river in the winter.

others, one of whom was a man named Cass Hite, for whom Hite, on the Colorado, was named.

This trip of Lyman's in the early 80's was full of excitement. As Hite was camped at the usual ford, Lyman's party made their crossing higher up the river, and under great difficulty, as the river was high and running swiftly. Swimming horses without packs furnished our party, last July, with some real excitement; and to think of taking a horse across, loaded with supplies weighing over a hundred pounds and of considerable bulk, gives one the idea that something highly important must have led them on. After making a record of their claims, Lyman's party returned and decided to cross the river at

the usual ford in the night time, and thus avoid being discovered by Hite and his men. This latter party had been camped on the west side of the river all the time, thinking that if anyone desired to cross they would come there to cross and be intercepted. They themselves intended to cross as soon as the river lowered, and make the trip to Moab and have their claims recorded. But Lyman had beaten them.

"We crossed the river," said Lyman, "nearly losing a mule on the way. We made the landing and started up the canyon. It was a dark night. Almost before I knew where we were, my horse stopped and pricked his ears forward. I looked and there was a campfire on one side of the trail and a bed with two men in it on the other. It was Hite's camp. Later when he heard how we had beaten him, he sent me word that he would kill me the first time we met. But when



Cabinet height.

we did meet he reached his hand across the table that was between us and said, 'How are you, Mr. Lyman?' "

The largest stream entering the Colorado in the neighborhood of our trail is the Dirty Devil river. What is there in a name? Sometimes very much. The story here is that when Powell made his historic trip of exploration of the Colorado river, he made camp on the banks of the river, at a spot near which is now the Hite cabin. He sent a few of his men up the river to see what they might find and about six miles up the river they observed a very muddy stream entering from the west. Returning to camp, Powell asked the leader, "What kind of a river is it?"

"She's a dirty devil," came the response, and hence the name.

Alongside the trail, across the river about twenty miles from Hite, are two graves. Zeke Johnson, the famous San Juan guide who has accomplished such feats as swimming the Colorado river at its highest, tells the story that these two graves are of soldiers killed by the Indians in the 80's. One, a local man, had been bereaved as the result of the killing of his brother by the Indians. Obtaining permission to go into the canyon after the savages, he was accompanied by another regular army man, and the two were set upon by the Indians. After being badly wounded they were left to be killed by the dogs of the tribe. Johnson says that this is how the story has been told to him. But D. F. Lewis, of Linwood, Kansas, says that he was with the soldiers at the time of the killing by the Indians of these two men. He says that neither of them was a soldier, though one of them did wear a soldier's uniform. They were the guide and the packer of the outfit, and were warned by the lieutenant not to go into the canyon for fear of hidden Indians. He says that if the Indians set the dogs on the wounded men, none of the soldiers ever heard them, and did not know what became of the men until thirty days afterward when they found the skeletons with some clothes left on them. These they buried alongside the trail. He says that one of the men's name was Joe Wormington, but that he does not recall the name of the other.

Bishop R. A. Meeks, of Bicknell, Utah, a Representative to the State Legislature for three terms from Wayne county, is possibly the best informed man on the tales of the Henry mountains and nearby territory. He has grown from a boy, sitting in the saddle, and riding after the wild herds of cattle that his father before him started on the range in the region described. He was one of the party that traversed the trail shown on the map, and, as we lay on our blankets in the cooling breeze that the roaring Colorado river brought to us on a July night at Hite, he told me of some of his experiences.

"Did you notice the dripping cave we passed in the canyon today?" he asked. "That is what we call the Mexican Cave. A Mexican was camped in it one night to keep out of the rain, when two men rode up and asked to stay with him. He said, 'alright,' and they unsaddled and had supper with him. Then they got into a card game. When they found out that he had some money, according to the Mexican's story, because the white men were never seen again, one of them drew his gun and shot the Mexican in the jaw. The Mexican ran, and they shot at him in the dark. He hid, and three days later he crawled into Hanksville, which is about fifty miles away, and had the people there help him bind up his wound."

"Is it not a little dangerous to take strangers into your camp that way out here on the range?" I asked the Bishop.

"I hardly think so," he replied. "Most people are perfectly safe out here, and if they aren't, it is likely that they will be worse if you



Congressman Crampton (holding the camera) trying to snap Congressman Anthony while the latter sews on a button at the cabin at Hite.

do not entertain them, than if you do. I slept out in my saddle blankets in a man's dooryard, on the south end of the Henry once, though. I guess he thought I was one not to trust, or else he had something in the house that he did not want me to see. I rode into his field just at night and told him I would like to stay with him as my camp was about thirty miles away. He said he couldn't take care of me, so I just unsaddled and turned my horse in his pasture and rolled up in my saddle blankets right in his dooryard.

"I remember once when I was a boy that my father and I saw a bareheaded man across one of our desert flats on the other side of the Henry. When we called to him, he began to run. We chased

him and finally he got cooled down and told us that he had been lost in the region for six weeks. We tried to get him to go with us, but he told us that he was going in a different direction, so we gave him all the food and other supplies that we could get him to take, and he left us the next morning. I never heard of him again.

"Sometimes I have met men here who would not tell their names, nor their business. A fellow rode into our camp about twenty years ago after we had gone to bed. Father asked him who he was and he said, 'Rip Van Winkle, and if anyone comes along this way later you tell them that Rip Van Winkle stayed with you tonight.' He stayed with us and left the next morning. When we got home later, we read of a bank robbery in San Pete county, and often wondered if this man was one of the holdups."

"This trail used to be one of the principal routes for outlaws to get away from justice. And it could not have been better arranged for that purpose. One being pursued could stop at any number of points that would afford him observation of his pursuers and make it practically certain that the followers could be shot before seeing their quarry. For this reason, the outlaws found themselves practically safe, once they got on the trail. Following it they could make their way to the Colorado which they would ford and then find themselves in a practically new territory. Meeks says that in the early days great herds of cattle and bands of horses were often stolen and driven off the Henry mountain range and across the river at Hite, or Tic-a-boo. But he does not believe that any of this kind of work is being done at the present time, because of the close relationship now existing between the legitimate stockmen on both sides of the river. Those on the east side of the river look out for the interests of those on the west side, while those on the west do likewise for their neighbors on the east. Cattle rustling over this trail is now a thing of the past, in the judgment of the men who use the neighboring ranges.

Bicknell, Utah



Kanab, Utah

PUTTING ON AN INDIAN PAGEANT WITH BOY SCOUTS

BY FRANK R. ARNOLD



Karl Young, a Logan boy scout
Indian, in all his regalia
for the Mystery Dance

Mr. Ralph Hubbard, son of Elbert Hubbard, has put on his Indian pageant with boy scouts in twelve large cities of the United States all the way from Bangor, Maine, to San Francisco, and he took his best Indian dancers from among the scouts to London, in the summer of 1920, in order to show European scouts the beauty of aboriginal American life and the super-scout qualities of American boys. Last winter Mr. Hubbard put on his pageant in Logan, Utah, and found the task easier than ever because that town, it is said, has more Eagle scouts and more scouts enrolled according to the population than any town in the United States. This is due partly to the fact that Logan is the seat of the State Agricultural College and that its students and faculty furnish unusually good material for scout leadership.

When Mr. Hubbard came to Logan, January, 1923, he first met about 185 scouts in the high school gymnasium, and although he knew that he was going to give the boys an opportunity dear to scout hearts yet, like a true teacher, he first had to win his boys. He did it by convincing them first that the Indian subject was one worthy of them, that they alone could give it the appropriate dignity and reverence, and then he had to allure them with beautiful, genuine costumes, and thrill them with the wonder and majesty of Indian dancing. Thus at the first rehearsal he had the boys all sit down on the gymnasium bleachers and told them the Indian story of Wovaka, the Indian chief, whose medicine man told him he must be friendly with the Whites; how he went up into the mountains to meditate and on his return danced the dance of peace and good will, the beauty of which, danced in his pure white costume, and the spirit of which, were so effective that the report soon spread throughout all the land to both Indians and Whites alike. Thus the boys at the outset came to look on the Indian as a creature almost

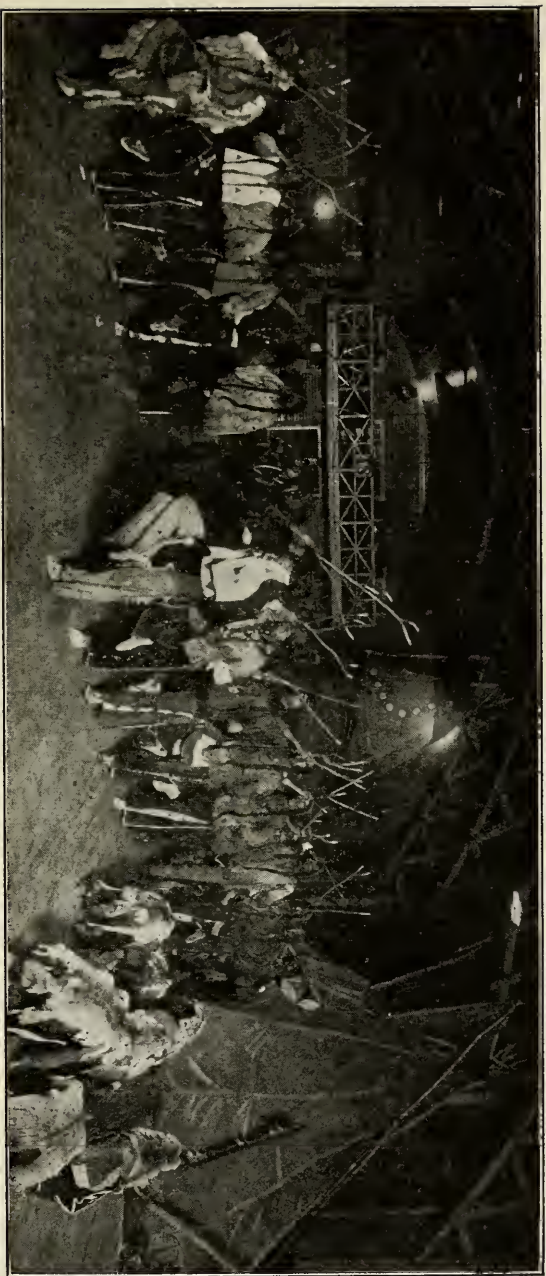
from another world, the embodiment of friendliness, a spirit to be loved and revered, a new idea for scouts nurtured on Cooper's vindictive savages and on Mark Twain's wide spread formula that the only good Indian is a dead one. This is a lesson for every scout to learn and no man in America can put it over like Mr. Hubbard.

The listening scouts were touched, but their first real thrill came when he showed them the head dresses, put on a war bonnet with two trailing tails made of white eagle feathers with black tips and told of the pony war dance in which ten picked riders wearing similar bonnets took part. When he showed how the tails of the bonnets had whizzed through the air lashing the flanks of the ponies and were still stained with sweat, then he had the boys hypnotized. From the moment he extended his arms, holding out both tails of feathers and said, "These have touched the pony flanks," the scouts were his, body and soul, ready to work on the pageant with every inch of scout energy in their bodies. Standing before them in his Indian costume, with his plastic responsive body, his eloquent shoulders and his vibrant *Nasenfluegel* he seemed to them the incarnation of an Indian chief come to lead their clan on to beautiful sports and happy hunting grounds. No boy could resist the appeal.

Next he squatted down, cross-legged, before a big drum set on four crooked sticks each tipped with an antler prong and started beating the tom-tom, beating it with a stick all bound around with buckskin and tipped with feathers, first in quick time and then gradually slowing down and followed by the prayer uttered before the war dance. It was as impressive as a church service, or the homecoming of men from war. It was both for the boys—a service filled with awe and respect, and a home-coming to the primitive feelings of religious mystery that are the basic elements of the race.

Then real work began. One of the boys beat the drum in the same measure and Mr. Hubbard started the boys in a circle and showed them the three steps of the war dance, all heel and toe movements. According to him all Indian dancing is individual and the Indians say a man is not a good dancer unless he can attract attention alone in the midst of a ten acre field. The main principles are a slight bending of the knees with the stomach pulled in; gaunt outlines; the body free to writhe with swinging arms; the arms wheeling at moments like a bird in the air; all the time casting fearsome glances for shadows at the heels, because an Indian must keep looking for his shadow; each man, a solo dancer, must forget his associates, and at moments in the war dance must grab a handful of sand that he gradually and gracefully raises aloft letting it sift through his fingers as an offering to Wakonah.

During the rehearsals Mr. Hubbard never used a whistle but increased the Indian atmosphere by giving the short, sharp barks of a wolf howl whenever he wished to attract attention and as the boys went home from the first rehearsal you could hear these wolverine calls all over town. Each wolf bark resounding through the town meant



Boy Scout dancers in Elk Mystery dance. Big scouts are elks; little scouts are wolves.

that the scout was full of enthusiasm for the Indian subject, that he was resolved to be one of the leading dancers so that some time he might be invited to go to England or France and show European scouts how well American scouts can execute interpretive Indian dancing. And all that started with one rehearsal; the scouts were fascinated with Indian life, lore, and dancing and were throbbing with ambition.

After that first rehearsal the pageant marched steadily to perfection. The war dance was mastered with its slow rythmical first step; its second step with its stealthy wheeling evolutions of the body, symbolical of hunting movements; then the ever increasing excitement of this hunting step, followed by the high step with its climax of shouting, after which the dance works back as it has worked up and ends with the smaller boys sitting down, then the braves, and lastly the chiefs, all sinking gradually to the ground with crossed legs and heads, sunk in an attitude of complete exhaustion. The high step with the body bent, the hips parallel to the ground, and the knees raised high was hard for many to get well, but new incentives were constantly added as costumes were given out, with head dresses of eagle and turkey plumes, as twenty chiefs were chosen and the ghost dancer was selected. The last was a scout leader, tall and lean, a good dancer and one who had much prestige with the boys, and by this time the poor dancers had dropped out, and 125 large and small scouts were left to put the pageant through in the best possible scout style.

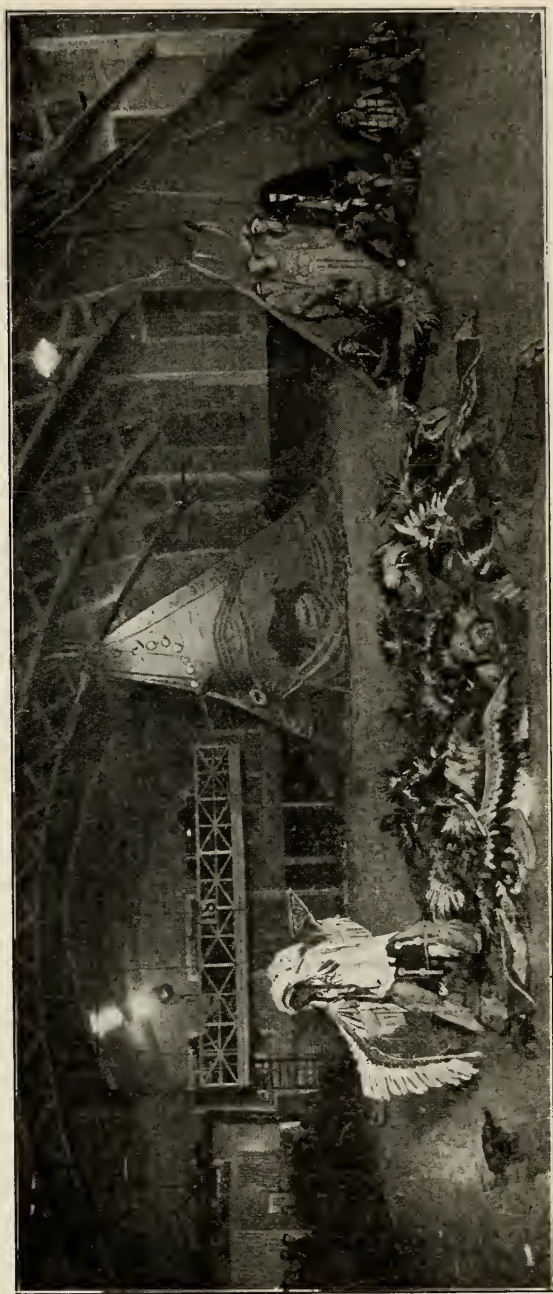
Next came the Elk Mystery dance. A line of 40 chiefs and warriors representing the elks came on the stage with swinging step and heads swaying from side to side as they pretend to labor through the deep snow. On their head with one hand each held a forked stick to represent antlers, while the other hand was tucked in the small of the back. The elk stop and sniff when they hear the wolves howl. They try to locate them and steal up on them. Then the wolves, represented by small scouts in wolf skins, howl again and the elk charge, but the wolves steal around behind and the elk wheel and charge them again in broken formation and drive them away. Again they resume their swinging step but soon get scent of the hunters crouching near with their bows and as the scent gets stronger the elk run, the hunters charge and the dance ends. The whole shows what the elk has to contend with in the struggle for existence, snow, wild animals, and human beings. As all Indian dances show religious or combative emotions so this pictures dramatically the tribal feeling of gratitude to the elk, just as the Greek dances before Dionysius were originally the outpourings of hearts thankful for the great gift of the grape.

This elk dance has many difficult features. It is hard to keep your balance on one foot as your body sways with head to one side when you lift your leg and try to represent the slow dragging of the limbs from the deep snow. Then again the long swinging step with

the toe pointed down is hard to get. The whole line of dancers must move in unison and the scouts, when tall and graceful, give an impressive picture of a line of Nijinskys.

A third dance learned was the Ojibway scalp dance. In this several boastful young warriors came into the midst of a seated circle of men, women, and children. They advance with the hunting step, alert and angular, holding handfuls of scalps aloft, parading them boastfully and beating their breasts to tom tom music. Soon the attitude changes from boldness and assurance to one of stealthy, expectant attention as if suddenly scenting a foe. The dancer moves about with a low crouching step like a cougar. All of a sudden the rhythmic tom-tom beating is interrupted by a crashing stroke. The dancer drops to the ground in a crouching posture the left leg extended toward the foe. Another vivid sudden beat. The dancer edges toward the enemy with a low crouching hop. Three or four times these sudden beats and movements are repeated, the dancer getting more and more tense, more and more in readiness for the final stroke. The tom-tom strokes roll into a crash. The Indian rises, gathers himself together for the thrust, and with a fierce whoop brings the war clubs with the force of both hands down on the head of the enemy. Then immediately he falls into the high step and resumes his exultant manner. Here again is need of boy scout qualities. The dancer must interpret the feelings of an exultant, boastful warrior. He must brandish the scalps, must crouch stealthily, must pounce on the foe with quick sliding movements. The boy scout bodies responded quickly to the dance instructions because they had formed the habit of answering instantly the leader's whistle and so the pageant leader got immediate co-operation with his orders.

The climax of the pageant was the buffalo ghost dance. It starts with a most effective setting. In front of the teepees squat the Indian villagers. Perpendicularly to them forming the opposite sides of a square sit two lines of chiefs, facing out, their heads bent to the ground. In the square between these two lines and in full view of the villagers are scattered buffalo skins, two buffalo skulls and an incense bowl made from a wicker basket or a rawhide shield. At the first stroke of the tom-tom the lines of chiefs rise and do the grape vine step, wheeling around the skulls as a pivot. When they line up again two leaders in turn leave their places, pick up the incense bowl and scatter incense through the lines. Again the lines break up, each dances an individual step and finally falls flat on his stomach in a trance. The lights go out, the spot light falls on the entrance to the medicine teepee. Out of this comes the ghost of the Buffalo. He stands a moment shrouded in mystery. He is all white splendor in a costume of pure white buckskin with a head dress consisting of two long tails of white feathers. He dances and tries to call back the vanished splendor of the buffalo. He winds his way in dancing, over and around the prostrate bodies, picks up the incense bowl and wafts



Buffalo Ghost Dance in Logan, Utah. Performance of Boy Scout Indian pageant, which has been put on in twelve cities of the United States by Elbert Hubbard's son, Ralph Hubbard. Also put on by him in London.

smoke over them. Next he picks up a buffalo skull, dances with it, and finally retreats reluctantly, drawn by invisible powers into the teepee. The keynote of the dance is mystery. Why was this great gift of the buffalo given us and why withdrawn? The dancer recalls all the shadows of the past. He shows pain and sorrow in his face. He creates the dance himself using any steps except the exultant. In Logan the dance was created by a cow boy scout leader from Southern Utah, a boy student of 19, built like Nijinsky, brought up on Indian traditions and "crazy" over all forms of Indian life and scout work.

Any boy who does well in this Indian pageant should have a merit badge for Indian legends, life, and dancing. He has spent two weeks rehearsing with an Indian scholar and expert. He has burrowed deep into a congenial historical subject. He has learned to love, respect, and understand the Indian. He has mastered through new dancing movements control over all the muscles of the body and lastly he has obtained an insight into interpretive dancing. Boy scout work is weak on the artistic side, but boy scout work exists essentially to prove that, La Fontaine to the contrary, boy scouts are not savages and Mr. Hubbard's work shows that they may be artists. As he himself constantly remarked, in order to keep up the spirit of *noblesse oblige* in the boys, he would never think of putting on the pageant with anyone except boy scouts. The value of boy scout co-operation was well shown in connection with the costumes. Each boy had his costume given to him four days before the pageant. Each had a sack to put his things in and checked it when leaving. Only to boy scouts could so many valuable, easily filchable articles be entrusted. When the costumes were finally returned not a bead was lost nor a feather missing. One of the smallest of the scouts had even got his mother to wash and iron his gee string and leggins, the first time, according to Mr. Hubbard, that such a worthy scout action had ever occurred in the history of his pageant.

Logan, Utah

Vocation Thoughts

If your son has a leaning toward business, give him a business education, and advise him to get out into the business world. If he has a taste for a profession, help him get into a professional environment. If he is artistically inclined, by all means let him place himself in an artistic atmosphere. Avoid making him undertake a life work for which he has no liking. Every person born has talents and desires along certain lines and only by perfecting themselves according to their desires will they be successful. Find out what your boy is adapted to, and help him into that line. He will succeed. Mechanical-brained boys have done as much for the world as the boys with professional brains. Don't discourage your boy because he likes the grime of the factory.—D. C. Retsloff.

KELLY

BY MAY E. LILLIE

We were sitting by the fireside Sunday evening, and mother was absently turning the pages of the second volume of Emerson. Kelly had underscored some passages which mother read aloud with great appreciation:

My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of the little river, and with one stroke of the paddle, I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities, behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without noviciate and probation.

We wondered if Emerson's friend was not Thoreau, of *Walden Wood*.

The members of our household were strictly quiet, so mother turned the pages quickly and read about the beautiful

Rhodora

In May when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh *Rhodora* in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals fallen in the pool;

Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red bird come his plumes to cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being:

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew,

But in my simple ignorance, suppose

The self same Power that brought me there, brought you.

Mother looked over at Kelly thankfully, and asked him if he would mark some more passages from the essay on "Nature." She said she had always liked "Compensation" best, but since he had pointed out other beauties she was finding new charm in this second volume of Emerson. Kelly leaned back in the morris chair and closed his eyes, enjoying the warmth of the firelight. We studied his features lovingly. He is a modest young man, with black hair, and eyes that look out half shyly from under his glasses. He spent three and a-half years in the interest of our Church in the South Sea Islands. A friend, not of our faith, said, in our presence, a short time ago: "What a waste of opportunity! Why did he not go to Europe among the culture and refinement of educated people? Why did he not learn a

popular language instead of the Tahitian, which will do him no earthly good!"

Why, indeed! He was not thinking of his own gain, but of the advancement and salvation of others. It was an unselfish labor.

Hall Caine tells us in one of his novels, of some people who "could speak in several languages, yet could not say a sensible thing in any language." Once we had a bush of beautiful roses, and we wouldn't allow the children to gather one. How soon those roses faded! Next year we gathered them in profusion, giving freely to the neighbors, and decorating our own living rooms, and those roses blossomed in sweet abundance, scattering fragrance and beauty far into the late summer. Kelly's service and unselfish devotion will be an everlasting joy to himself and others, and he gained and gave out culture just as surely as our rose-bush scattered fragrance.

Today we have been reading over a package of his old letters. Will it be a breach of faith to disclose a few passages here and there to an appreciative public? He was twenty years old when he made the first entry in his journal:

January 9, 1918.

This date will mark our arrival in Tahiti. The first thing I noticed from the deck was the presence of birds, an indication that we were near land. Before noon my attention was called to a group of islands off the prow of the ship. After dinner Morea and Tahiti hove in sight. While myself and others were looking for land, a great wave dashed over the front of the ship and deluged us. I being against the railing, pinned in by the others, got the full benefit of the wave. We sneaked off like half-drowned rats. Late in the afternoon we sighted Tahiti. The view consists of two mountain peaks at either end, with a malformation in the middle called the "Diadem," on account of its resemblance to a crown.

As the ship entered the coral harbor, the view I saw cannot be described, it was one marvelous riot of gorgeous color. Here and there white houses emerged from the palm trees and flowers. Trim, white sailing vessels were anchored in the harbor at short intervals. As the ship was towed into port the whole town, in holiday array, turned out to see us. The faces of these happy, simple-hearted natives I shall never forget.

At first this young man was annoyed because mother called him Kelly. What had he done, he wondered, that she should give him such a title? His own letter explains the reason:

Orovini, Papeete, Tahiti,

Sunday, March 17, 1918.

Sure an' it's St. Patrick's Day an' I haven't got a bit of the green to wear! Dad was born this day like the true Irishman that he is!

The Emerald Isle was never so green as Tahiti is now. After I sail to Hikueru, it will be many a long day before I shall see velvety mountains, in the distance, and green foliage around me, for where I am going there is nothing but white sand and rock underfoot, with very little vegetation. The island at the highest point doesn't rise over eight feet out of the sea.

What else could one have called this saucy young traveler but Kelly, after learning that his father was a "true Irishman?" The

name flowed from our pens as naturally as the "dew drips from the trees like rain," in Tahiti.

Continuing his letter of March he said:

This will probably be the last time I shall have the opportunity of writing to you from Papeete. We shall leave the "Pearl of the Pacific" for another island in a little schooner so narrow one can touch either side when stretching while reclining.

Imagine living on such a vessel with an odor of gasoline, perspiring natives, aggravated by cocoanut oil in their hair, and sleeping with dark feet where one's pillow ought to be. This will be my program for days and days.

In our volume of Emerson, (Trust Kelly for finding all the most beautiful gems in literature), he underlined the following:

He who knows the most, he who knows that sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come to these enchantments is the rich and royal man.

Kelly is like that, rarely he mentioned discomforts, his letters were dreams of beauty. While the snow was thick upon the ground and housetops here in Utah, he penned us the following letter:

I wish it were possible to say all I would like to in one brief letter. It is like a sweet dream to live here. The scenery and customs, of course, are typically tropical; as far as one can see are beautiful flowering trees, palms outlined against the sky, a clear, sandy beach, with dark skinned natives digging their toes into the sand and dreamily watching the sailing vessels come and go. There is much fruit here. One can see natives coming and going with bunches of bananas, cocoanuts, mangoes, breadfruit, etc.

After reading that letter we sat thinking of its poetic expressions. It sang itself into our minds, and taking up a pencil we changed a few words here, added a few others there, until, with scarcely an effort, Kelly's letter was a poem:

Tahiti

Beautiful flowering trees,
Palms outlined against the sky,
A clear, sandy beach,
Dark-skinned natives passing by.
Sailing vessels come and go,
Dreamily the natives stand;
Gazing at the sea, and oh,
The tropic fruitage of the land!
Mangoes, luscious fruits, are seen,
Sweet pine apples, pleasing fare,
Pawpaw's laden branches lean,
Mingled odors scent the air.
Cocoanuts, bananas sweet,
Oranges our taste beguile,
Breadfruit that we roast to eat,
Over in the South Sea Isle.

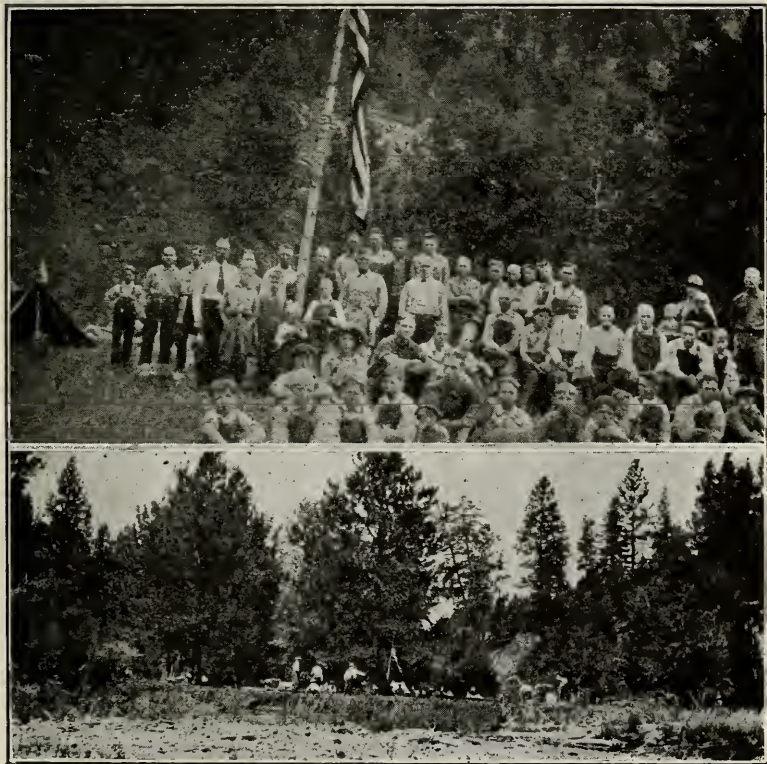
Salt Lake City.

UPLIFTING RECREATION

Rich recreational exercises for the summer are found in the Y. M. M. I. A. fathers and sons' outings! Forward-looking superintendents and presidents are now beginning to arrange the details of airings to take place in July or August. It was reported that about 10,000 young men and their fathers took part in the programs of these glorious out-of-door recreations last season—an impetus to greater and more pleasant excursions during the summer months of 1924. Here are brief accounts of three outings, with accompanying pictures, that will awaken the spirit of these wonderful and inspirational occasions for the coming season:

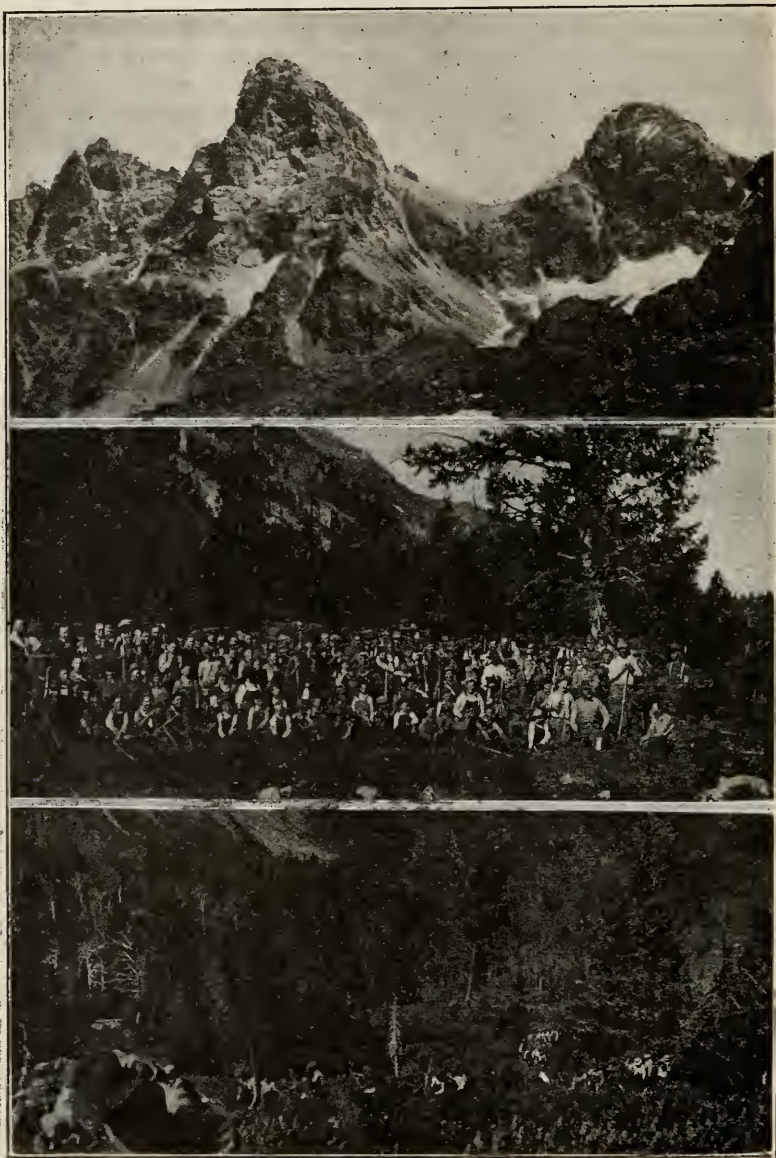
Union Stake at Thompson's Ranch

On August 8, 9, and 10, in Union stake, headquarters at LeGrande, Oregon, was held a very successful outing at which 34 fathers, 57 sons and 6 visitors were present, totalling 97. They camped at Jerry Thompson's ranch. An efficient system of organization was used, thus distributing the duties of camp life among all. Gathering in a large circle, the fathers and sons were mixed as completely as possible and numbered, then the result was



At the Ranch—The Camp in the Woods

divided by five (the number of meals to be served), and five committees were formed as follows: K. P., Fuel, Clean-up, Supplies and Police. These committees rotated with each meal. Each morning they had flag drill and prayer. The official pastimes were fishing, base-ball, and horseshoe pitching. Superintendent Samuel T. Andrews was in charge of the entire occasion, and as "commanding officer," he is recognized as a thorough success.



Top: The Tetons. Center: At the Camp. Bottom: Hiking

From the Tetons

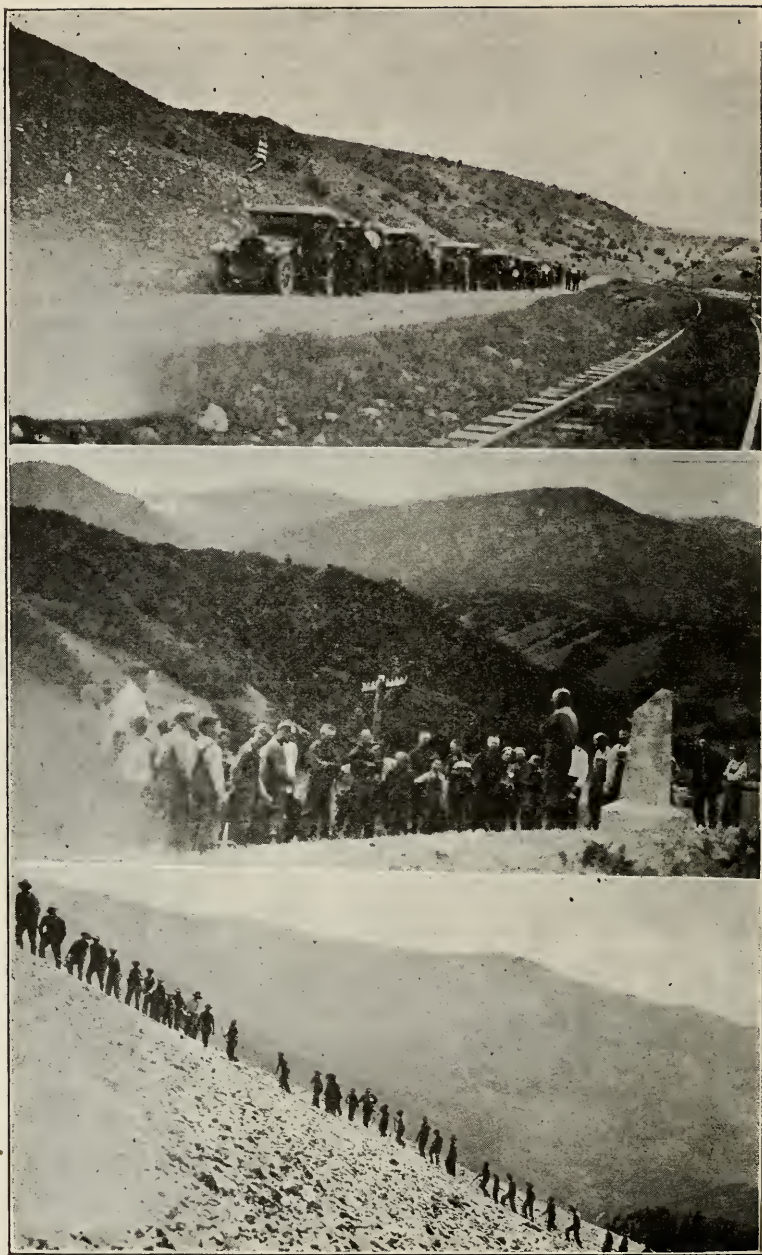
An exceptional outing was held for the fathers and sons of the Fremont stake, August 9, 10 and 11, in Teton Canyon, 160 fathers and sons participating. Enroute to the camp site a side trip was made to Pincock warm Springs where all enjoyed a plunge. An excellent program was carried out the first evening in camp, talks being made by Bishop L. V. Merrill, Dr. H. B. Rigby and Chairman J. Austin Watts. On Friday morning, the 10th, 50 scouts took part in the raising of the flag at half mast honoring the passing of President Harding. This was a touching demonstration, causing a sympathetic feeling by everyone at the great loss sustained by the nation. A unique hike came next, whereby the highest and nearest point available in the Grand Teton peaks, a distance from the camp of about three miles, was reached. At this point one can see in all directions some of the most beautiful mountain scenery—equal to that of Utah and Colorado. Again, in the evening, all assembled around a large bonfire, and there in the mountain fastness, memorial services were held for President Harding. President Albert Choules of the Teton stake spoke on this occasion. The home-ward journey was begun on Saturday morning. During the outing no bad language was heard, and no one was seen using tobacco in any form. The spirit of the occasion was very enjoyable.—*Justin Watts.*

They Climbed Mt. Nebo

The first annual Father's and Son's Outing of the north Sanpete stake was held in Salt Creek Canyon, last July 31 to August 2, under the direction of Stake Supt. John F. Mower. Mt. Pleasant, Fairview, Spring City, Moroni and Fountain Green wards were represented in the caravan. Enroute, a stop was made at the monument in Salt Creek Canyon, erected in honor of some early settlers of Sanpete who lost their lives in an Indian massacre. The feature of the outing was the climb of Mt. Nebo, a feat requiring courage and endurance; Bishop J. L. Neilsen, guide. Fifty-one fathers and sons reported for the trip, and every one "made" the top, which is a record established for so large a party. The youngest boy in the group was 9, the oldest father was 51 years of age. Wild elk were seen; a rattlesnake gave something of a thrill to the boys, especially to those who hadn't seen one before. Birds, flowers, trees, stones, and snowdrifts, afforded opportunity for nature-study. The impression that will last longest, however, was the inspiring sight from the top of Mt. Nebo, 12,000 feet, commanding a view of the country for many miles in every direction. Campfire programs were enjoyed each evening, more than 100 persons being present on each occasion. We expect to make this year's outing a big success. (See Illustrations, p. 326.)

Camp Roosevelt, Boy Builders

Supervised by Major F. L. Beals, Chicago public high school, takes care of boys during their summer vacations and helps them physically, mentally and morally. A well-defined program is carried out. The Red Cross maintains a hospital building and staff of four doctors and a nurse at the school, in addition to looking after the health and sanitation of the camp. The Camp Roosevelt Association, composed of public spirited Chicago men, handles all the distribution of funds contributed towards the camp's support. The war department loans complete camping equipment, and the Y. M. C. A. operates a completely equipped Y., making it possible to conduct the camp at a low fee for the boys who attend. The camp is located on Silver Lake near La Porte, Indiana. There are one hundred instructors and the program is an effective one in citizenship building. More than 5,000 boys have passed through its various courses. The headquarters for the camp are maintained the year round, at the Chicago Board of Education, 460 South State Street,



Top: The Caravan on the Way. Center: The Stop at the Monument. Bottom: the Last Climb near the Summit, North Sanpete Fathers and Sons

"THE STRENGTH OF BEING CLEAN"

BY HART WENGER, MEMBER OF THE SILENT CLASS, ADVANCED
SENIOR, SECOND WARD, SALT LAKE CITY, MRS. J. W.

WOOLF, TEACHER

I have just read *The Strength of Being Clean* by David Starr Jordan, President-emeritus of Stanford University. This book is not in any sense philosophical, nor is it the product of deep thoughts of a "high brow," but rather it is the result of every day observation and experience. Judging from my own observation and first-hand knowledge, however short my experience may have been, I cannot but heartily agree with this book. Whatever truth Dr. Jordan has written down is such that one cannot help but see the light, and realize whatever remnants of sin we may have been harboring, to be so undesirable that we are only too glad to wash our hands clean of them.

Here I will give only the truths in this book which I know from my own experience and observations, though I have plenty of problems to work out outside the scope of this book.

The consciousness of a clean mind and body imparts a feeling of strength which can be had in no other way. Unclean mind and body is the result of a desire to obtain happiness without an accompanying willingness to earn them with honest effort.

To sin, according to the Scriptures, is to break any of the Divine laws. Judging from every day experience and observation, sin is an attempt or a desire to find a short cut to happiness, and at the same time shunning effort; and its effects are in every case evil and harmful.

No one can secure happiness without paying the price in some way. It is natural to be happy and therefore we have a right to be, but anything that is worth while is not plucked along flowery paths nor dropped from among pink clouds. Every rose has its thorn. When we are happy our conscience should be clear and then we know that, "all is well." The kind of happiness that one thinks one gets in sinning is only momentary and is pure delusion because the feeling is "different in the morning." Do you notice any such reaction when you are really happy, that is, after you have done what you knew was right?

Temptation is an inducement to get something for nothing. Anything that we do not deserve is not worth while. To overcome temptation at first may require an heroic effort, suffering or a great deal of patience, and the first victory gives one a consciousness of increased strength and self-confidence, so that when temptation comes again, it is overcome with greater ease, though not without some effort. The allurements of temptation will then decrease with each victory until it "forgets your telephone number."

It is easier to be almost right than right. Work out a series of mathematical problems just good enough, and the error in the answer may be colossal. It is exactly the same in whatever we do. Can you imagine the Woolworth Building being built on a good enough foundation? Even if it were, how long would it have lasted? It is almost as easy to be exactly right as to do any work good enough once you get the right habit, because when you learn to do things right—at least in what you honestly think is right—you come to know the real joy that comes from such effort and then you will not be satisfied to let things go just good enough, but instead have a hankering desire to correct it. The Brooklyn Bridge had to be built exactly right or it could not have been built at all. It takes so much effort to correct an error, would it not be better to take more pains in the beginning and prevent the mistake? If we do all the small things right, we then can easily do the big ones. Take care in what you do today and tomorrow will take care of itself.

A sinner is a man who is afraid to say, "No." It takes real courage to say, "No," at first, but it soon becomes a habit. I do not know of any great men nor women nor anyone whom I really respect who is afraid to say, "No."

There are many shortcuts to happiness attempted, but I will give just a few here.

Indolence or laziness is the action of trying to secure rest when it is not deserved. Prolonged laziness leads to self condemnation and mental languor and never to happiness. It is a miserable mistake to wait for joy and expect it to come.

Gambling is the desire to get something for nothing. Thievery is the same thing, only in a different form. To take money or anything from someone else on a game of chance is a polite form of thievery, even if the loser is fool enough to take the risk. However, certain forms of gambling may be permitted by society but it certainly shows the lack of good sense and reason on the part of the gambler, to say nothing of the degrading moral effect. Whatever good luck one gets in gambling spurs him on to take more chances, and instead of being satisfied he craves for more. In time it becomes a mania. The good luck instead of being good becomes bad. Then again bad luck only makes the gambler all the more determined to stick to the game until he wins or goes broke, but even then he is not satisfied. Bad luck becomes good when it makes the man or woman through with the evil for good. A famous gambler once said that gambling did not pay. It is a see-saw of winning and losing and never getting anywhere and what is more, a severe bump is eventually forthcoming. Gambling is a subtle form of vice which too often leads to grosser vices. Its wickedness manifests itself in the evil effects it produces.

Vulgarity is very demoralizing and degenerating. Its use makes one think vile things when there never is an occasion for it. Nature,

as it really is, is too beautiful and pure to be accused of prompting any such thoughts. A blind man appreciates the beautiful things around him while a vulgar person does not.

Profanity is a form of vulgarity. It stifles out all the strength and patience there is in a man and it creates a mental fog. I have tried it, though I did not use blasphemy, and goodness knows it doesn't pay! Sometime ago I was working on my car, and things did not come out as I expected, so I cussed at that thing, and cussed as I worked, but the more I cussed the worse things grew. I became so angry and my mind so fouled that I couldn't think nor know what I was doing. I was so sick of the job that I had to quit for the day. I got along all right the next day, but not without keeping my mouth shut. I have never succeeded in working out a difficult problem of any kind, nor sticking to a nerve-wracking job to a finish, by resorting to profanity. I have yet to see anyone do it. Have you?

The use of vulgarity and coarse jokes exposes one's own mental weakness and the absence of the real man in him. I have noticed that people who indulge in vulgarity never amount to much until they change for good. This is because of the corroding effect of its use on one's ambition for something better and it leaves the mind stagnant with foul pictures which sooner or later express themselves in body or action. "To be vulgar is to do poor things in a poor way." "What cometh out of a man defileth him." More than once have I cursed my own tongue for all the pestilence it brought.

Sure, "boys will be boys." Get all the clean fun while you can, for anything unclean is not worthwhile no matter how tempting.

John Barleycorn is too dead a subject to talk about, but it will serve as example of the false pleasures and soothing effects that drugs, coca-cola and tobacco give. Whiskey is supposed to give warmth when there is actually no warmth. Here is a real story: Five lumber jacks returned to their shack from work. The night was getting bitterly cold. Four of them drank whiskey—not wood alcohol or moonshine—to keep themselves warm. The fifth would not touch it. Those four went to bed and slept. The fifth one got up and walked around in the night in order to keep warm. When morning came those four were found frozen stiff. If whiskey gives real warmth, what is the idea of freezing to death?

There's coca-cola. It seems to give a bracing effect when it really harms. My brother personally knew a man back east who used to work in the coca-cola bottling works. His hands often got wet with coca-cola. The result was that his hands became thick and hard like untanned hide. The palms of his hands looked much like a pair of gloves shrunk stiff after having been soaked with water.

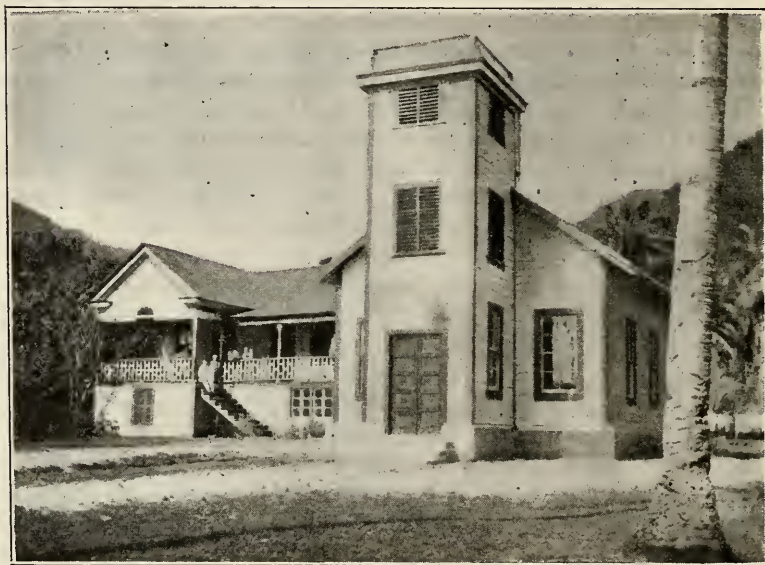
Cigarettes make the smoker think he can't get along without them, when, in fact, he got along pretty well before he learned to

smoke. When he cannot get any, he thinks he is unhappy and seems to be helpless. We cure him by smoking. Are the so-called pleasures of smoking worth the price of smoked lungs and impaired health?

I repeat that anything worth having is worth all the time, energy and patience it takes to get it and there is no strength as strong nor happiness as sweet as that which comes from having a clean mind and body. No truth can be realized until it has been lived up to. I am glad I paid the price of whatever I got, and I am going to pay more.

New Chapel Dedicated in Pago Pago, Samoa

A new chapel, under the direction of Conference President E. L. Butler, Tutuila, has been built to replace the cement church demolished in the earthquake of a half dozen years ago. In size and shape the new structure is identical with its predecessor, but additional touches, conveniences and innovations have made it far more beautiful, as will be seen from the illustration.



Conference was held at Pago Pago, October 19, with a splendid elders' meeting, and extending to Monday, October 22. The building was dedicated Sunday afternoon, the prayer being offered by John Q. Adams, former president of the mission, now released. The conference meetings were well attended and stamped with high spirituality. The Relief Society presented a bazaar for the temple fund and raised quite a sum which was turned over to Sister Adams to leave on the way home at Laie, H. T. President Butler was in charge of all the meetings except the Relief Society session, which was presided over by Sister Adams. President Butler was sustained on Sunday afternoon as president to succeed John Q. Adams, and his wife was sustained as head of the Relief Societies of the mission.—*John Q. Adams*, Pago Pago, October 29, 1923.

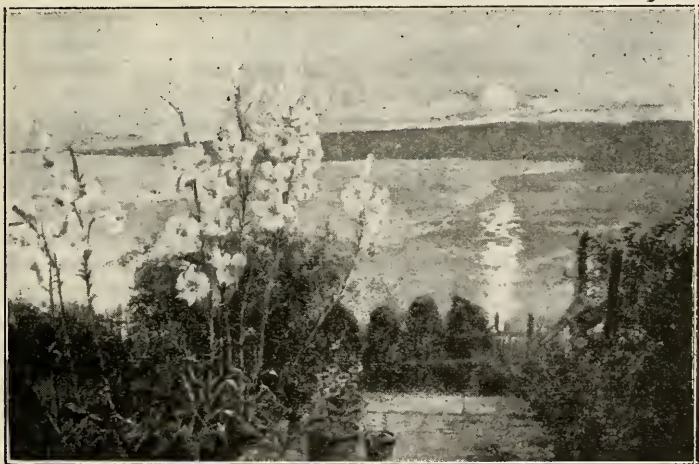


FOR HER

Reading the Love-Sonnet

'Tis love, not gold, that is the poet's need,
Its wealth the world makes his in slender dole;
Yet shall the poet false be to his creed?—
Though the gold lingers, love makes glad his soul.
Without love's payment still the poet starves,
Love fills life's silences with love's own chimes;
For love the artist paints, the sculptor carves,
The poet in his love makes live his rhymes.
My voice to steady, O in vain, I tried,
And dared not look into thine earnest eyes;
The words that trembled all my care belied;
Thy cheek now pale now flush in vermillion dyes:
Yet thine one sigh, in worth, is more than gold,
Therein, for me, was love's sweet message told.

Alfred Lambourne.



THE VASE OF TEARS

BY WRENO BOWERS

The following dream was told to me one day by Mrs. P——, shortly after her child daughter had died. The little woman's story made such an impression on me that I wrote it down from memory as soon as I had time. Here it is:

After my little girl, Ethel, died I was very lonely and I cried most of the time. She had been my only companion after her father's death and it seemed almost impossible to face the long years without her. Everywhere that I looked; everywhere that I went, I saw some of her clothes or some of her playthings which brought back memories and tears. Every few hours of the night I awoke, crying. Indeed, I cried so much that my head began to ache as well as my heart.

Then one night I had a dream. I dreamed that I was in a strange land, where the trees were all green and the flowers were of many colors. Avenues of gold ran through the forest leading to a beautiful city. Everywhere, among the green tree foliage, birds were flashing their gorgeous plumage and singing wonderful songs.

As I walked toward the city, marveling at the beauty of the place, I met a group of children—running, laughing, singing with glee. Their little faces shone like the brightness of the sunbeams and their eyes sparkled with joy. They waved their hands at me as they passed and sang songs of the greatness of God.

As I turned toward the city again my heart sank and a great sadness came over me. I saw coming, far behind the other children, a lone child carrying a vase on her head. She walked with a weary tread and her face drooped with sorrow. When she drew nearer I recognized my own child—my own little Ethel!

Going to her I asked: "Why do you carry that heavy vase, Ethel? Why don't you leave it and run and play with the other little girls and be happy?"

She lifted her face to mine and a ray of happiness lighted up her face as she replied: "These are your tears I'm carrying, mama, and they are heavy tears. And I can't leave them, I have to carry them wherever I go. If you would not cry so much, mama, then I could play with the other little girls and be happy. You should not cry, you should rejoice, for some day we will be together again and live in that beautiful city with Jesus our Lord."

For a moment a silence fell on the room, then Mrs. P—— concluded: "This was only a dream, but to me it was a reality. I saw my little girl, as plainly as in life, and heard her speak. Her words were impressed upon my mind so that I cannot forget. Since then I have tried always to be cheerful; to look at the brighter side of life and look forward to the time when there will be no tears and all will be happy in the presence of God."

Kamas, Utah

THE SONGS OF ZION ARE PRAYERS UNTO THE LORD

BY J. C. HOGENSEN

One of the inspiring songs that has held me completely enraptured and has made me feel the greatness of God, and the value and necessity of doing God's work, is the one entitled, "My Prayer," by P. P. Bliss, and is found on page 294 of the *Deseret Sunday School Song Book*. The inspiration for its composition came from reading the forty-eighth verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

The striving toward the perfect should be the ambition of every Latter-day Saint.

The song reads as follows, but its real soul-inspiring value cannot be appreciated until the music accompanies it—soft, sweet, pure-toned, harmonious, and melodious. It grips the heart-strings, and holds one to close attention, interest and meditation:

More holiness give me, more strivings within;
More patience in suffering, more sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Savior, more sense of his care:
More joy in his service, more purpose in prayer.

More gratitude give me, more trust in the Lord;
More pride in his glory, more hope in his word;
More tears for his sorrows, more pain at his grief;
More meekness in trial, more praise for relief.

More purity give me, more strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains, more longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom, more used would I be;
More blessed and holy, more, Savior, like thee.

Among the things that count most, if we would be the beings God expects us to be, are not only to seem or pretend to be more holy, but actually to be so by encouraging the strivings within our own soul; to be more patient in our sufferings, to sense a greater and deeper feeling of sorrow for sin, to create a greater faith, a greater sense and desire for keeping God's commandments, to sense a deeper feeling of joy in serving him will enable us to put more purpose and reality into our prayers and supplications.

"Give us gratitude, O, Lord! that we may put implicit faith and trust in thee." The pride that fills our hearts when we see his glory will give us more hope and trust in his word. Our tears for his sorrow and our pain at his grief will make us more sympathetic, more meek and lowly as our Savior.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Those who are pure in heart will have more strength to overcome and withstand trials and temptations. The more free we can keep ourselves from the earthly and carnal, the more blessed and holy we become and the nearer we become like the Savior himself. This should be our earnest desire.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

If we love him we will keep his commandments implicitly, and will feed his sheep.

Agricultural College, Logan, Utah.

YESTERDAY

BY JOSEPH QUINNEY, JR., PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN MISSION

Yesterday, with all her gifts, promises, joys and opportunities, has forever passed beyond my reach and the power of my control.

Yesterday, recorded all my performances of the day. Were they high and lofty, filled with results, or were they weighed in the balance of neglect and indifference?

Yesterday, held for me the great gift of *work*, there were twenty-four hours of time at my disposal, I was either slow to grasp the opportunities, or else I responded to the mighty call of service.

Yesterday, was ablaze with problems. some one was busy in their solution, they were adding to the world knowledge, either in the home, in the town, in the city, in the state or in the nation. New truths were being unfolded and moving the world with light and power and bringing to the human race a deeper meaning of life. Where did I stand in the solution of yesterday's problems?

Yesterday, gave me the high privilege of feeling a little deeper the joy's of life and the things I should do so as to appreciate to the fullest the richness of life.

Yesterday, my friends were in need of sympathetic encouragement, they were looking and waiting for me. Did I measure up to expectations? Did I arrive in time?

Yesterday, told me that friendship was a deep and sacred thing. Did I betray the confidence that tied together these bonds of holy union?

Yesterday, found me obligated to carry a message of love to the hearts of my fellowmen, indeed, I felt the mighty sense of duty upon me, there was vouchsafed to me a sacred calling. Did I permit the hour to pass without responding to such a responsibility?

Yesterday, provided the time and place for me to speak to God and tell him of my genuine gratitude for His Goodness and His Great Love. Also to have a better knowledge of him and the purpose he had in my creation. Is it possible that I was so much engrossed in the material things of life that this holy communion with God was omitted?

Yesterday? All I have of it is a memory, a memory of what I could, and should have been. It has now passed into God's care. But today is *mine: mine*: The morning breaks and with it the great

light of love sheds it rays upon the pathway of promise. Today is mine to make it my day, God's day.
Toronto, Ont., Canada

GOD'S ANSWER

BY NEPHI JENSEN, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE
CANADIAN MISSION

It was Sunday, January 28, 1923. I was in Montreal, assisting the missionaries of that city in holding their regular quarterly conference.

In the evening I reached the hall a little early. While I sat alone in quiet meditation, the conference president entered hurriedly and handed me a telegram. I read the message. It was from the mission secretary. It announced that a minister of religion in Chatham, Ontario, had challenged our elders to meet him in public debate Monday night, January 29. The telegram also stated that the challenge had been published in the newspapers of Chatham.

In order that the answer might appear in the morning papers, it had to be sent that night. So I immediately set my brain to work formulating a reply. I soon found that it was no easy task to put together just the right set of words. It was necessary to avoid, on the one hand, intimating that we were afraid, and on the other hand, to avoid giving offense by using harsh words. As I formed phrase after phrase, I became more and more conscious of the difficulty of my problem. Almost all my attempts resulted in sentences that bristled with sarcasm. Moreover, I was quite nervous and desired to get the burden off my mind before the evening meeting.

The little Sunday school convened before the evening meeting was called to order. I took a seat on the front row, facing the stand. I bowed my head and whispered a prayer, for divine inspiration to guide my fallible mind in preparing our fallible answer. I had no sooner concluded the silent invocation before words commenced to come to my mind without the slightest thought or effort on my part. These words seemed to drop into my mind:

"Strife, contention, debate and war, are of the devil. Unity, peace, and love, are of Christ. We follow Christ."

I wrote the words on the back of the telegram. The burden immediately left my mind. I was absolutely certain that the answer was God's answer to the brazen challenger of his servants.

After the meeting I sent the answer by telegram. It appeared prominently the next morning in the Chatham newspaper. It did real execution. When the minister arose that evening to refer to the matter again he said:

"We do not want to debate. But we would like to meet the 'Mormons' in friendly discussion."

Surely the wisdom which is from above is greater than the ingenuity of man.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"Arise therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee. Be strong, and of good courage; dread not, nor be dismayed."—1 Chron. 22.

Best Conference Since the War in Aarhus

Elder D. U. Wright, reports that "in the past few years Denmark has suffered considerably from lack of missionaries so that we have a vast field for improvement. In this conference we have four regular missionaries, one local elder being our conference secretary. Two of these missionaries have yet to learn the Danish language. Our fall conference was the best since the war. We will shortly sustain a loss by releasing two of our missionaries. We wish our dear folks at home to know that we enjoy doing missionary work. We need their encouragement and desire to impress on their minds that more missionaries are greatly needed in Denmark. The mission field is the place for young men to get the spirit of the gospel. During our fall conference we held seven meetings with an average attendance of 153, filling our hall to capacity. The *Improvement Era* is one of our greatest sources of help to keep in touch with the outside world and with loved ones at home."



Elders, top, left to right: D. U. Wright, Murray; A. C. Poulsen, Levan; B. S. Peterson, Salt Lake. Bottom: C. S. Larson, local conference secretary; President J. S. Hanson of the Danish mission; P. L. Gragerson, conference president Pocatello.

The 100th Anniversary of Moroni's Visit Celebrated in Africa

The 100th anniversary of the visit of the Angel Moroni to the Prophet Joseph Smith was observed in the South African mission by an organized campaign for the selling and distribution of Books of Mormon. The plans, sent out from "Cumorah," the mission president's office, were as follows: The campaign was to be competitive among the branches of the entire

mission; it was to begin Sept. 21 and close Oct. 6. Each branch of the mission was supplied with Books of Mormon sufficient to carry them "over the top," and a number of extra copies for additional sales. "Over the top" meant that every family or member representing a family, should sell at least one book, each man holding the Priesthood should sell at least one, and every elder at least two. No books were to be sold or collected for before the opening date, Sept. 21. However, this did not limit the work of advance agents. A prize of a library edition was to be given to the branch first "over the top," and for one selling the greatest number per capita, and also one to the individual with the greatest number of sales to his credit. Each branch began in earnest and set out to win. In three days the entire supply was exhausted. Several individuals sold as many as ten books and stopped because of the limited supply. The highest individual record was twenty, made by Brother George E. W. Smith, of Durban. The Durban branch also received the award for first "over the top," though it took only four days for every branch to "go over." The results are very pleasing, the greatest satisfaction comes from the keen interest aroused in the Book of Mormon, several hundred people, mostly non-"Mormons," have purchased books, and many are reading them. Some are waiting for the next consignment so they can have their copy delivered. Programs were held in public meetings throughout the mission during the campaign, which treated the Book of Mormon subjects, these meetings were well attended. The results were surprising; every family of Saints, every man holding the Priesthood in South Africa sold at least one Book of Mormon and every elder sold at least two, and this within the five days that the supply lasted. Without a single exception the sales of each branch were limited by the lack of books. The supply on hand at the beginning was considered ample to satisfy any demand the campaign might call forth.



The accompanying picture shows the winners from the Durban branch of the Natal conference, reading from left to right, back row: Paul T. Harris, Gladys Baker, Geo. E. W. Smith, Gladys Mansfield. Seated: Anna Wade, Conference President Golden W. Harris, Katherine Smith, Elder Clinton M. Black, Lizzie Moore, and Baby Joy Smith.—*J. Wyley Sessions*, Mission President, "Cumorah," Main Rd., Mowbray, C. P., South Africa.

Nearly Five Hundred Members in Chemnitz

Writing from Chemnitz, Germany, October 1st, 1923, Elder G. M. Hopfenbeck says: "Although Salt Lake City newspapers intimate that Saxony is at the present moment rather an undesirable place in which to live, we find it quite the contrary, when engaged in missionary work. In the manufacturing town of Chemnitz is located perhaps the largest branch of the Church in the European mission. The branch was divided two years ago, but it has continued to grow until there are now over 450 members carried on the records. Most of these are actively engaged in the Church. In every Sunday meeting, in addition to about two hundred Saints, there are between eighty-five and one hundred friends present. The local Priesthood consists of fifty-four members, forty-eight of whom are actively engaged in working in the organizations. The branch is fully organized including Sunday-school, Relief Society, Mutual Improvement Association, with a live boy scout organization; choir, and visiting teachers. The depressing conditions seems to have made this people more susceptible to the word of the Lord.



The picture enclosed is of the local priesthood. In the middle on the front row are the missionaries laboring in Chemnitz. They are, commencing third from the left and reading to right: Roland W. Browning, Ogden, Utah; LeRoy Hansen, Payson, Utah; Branch President, G. Martin Hopfenbeck, Salt Lake City, Utah; Conference President Otto Buehner, Salt Lake City, Utah; and Carl W. Ballantyne, Ogden, Utah. We enjoy the *Era* each month and read it with a great amount of interest."

Conditions in Germany

Elder Richard Middleton, writing to Superintendent Richard R. Lyman, December 1, reports that he has been transferred to Frankfurt, am Main, Germany, where a new branch was recently organized, making two in that city. "The son of President McKay is working here and also the son of Professor Merrill of the University of Utah. Our work is very satisfactory all over Germany. The meetings are well visited and every month or so in

Breslau where I have been we had many appeals for baptism. The city authorities gladly rent the municipal swimming pools to us for a small fee for the purpose of baptizing. We utilize such occasions to speak to the assembled crowds and explain just why baptism is performed. It makes a very good impression. Our foe is not antipathy, but apathy. A few Germans have been poisoned against us through the efforts of a certain pastor, Zimmer, who resided in Salt Lake City and Ogden a couple of years ago and came to Stuttgart and began a crusade against the missionaries. He tells shameful stories. The missionaries are living exemplary lives. It is quite a revelation to the Germans to see a group of young fellows who do not drink nor smoke in a land where such things are as much a matter of course as things to eat and wear. Most of the men are prejudiced against religion in general and the way for us to convert them is to show the practical result of our efforts to live according to their professions. Men and women who are actually endeavoring to conform to the gospel of Christ in their daily lives are the greatest helpers we have. In Breslau, one of the branch presidents was a German brother who had reared a fine family, is noted for his friendliness, helpfulness and honesty. When the missionaries went tracting and met people who know him they had no trouble in getting them to respond to an invitation to meeting, because they wanted to make the acquaintance of a system which produces such men. The gospel of Christ with its ideals of chastity, love for neighbor, honesty, obedience to law, and faith, is the crying need of the world, and the lack of it is the disaster of this whole, European civilization. The German nation is just now in a very important transition point in its history. During the long, miserable months of the rapid depreciation of money, the only thing which held the nation together was a well-trained, efficient police force of picked men, ready to use their rifles on the crowds on the slightest provocation. There have been riots everywhere and the government is now making a supreme effort to regulate the currency by introducing a new medium of exchange backed by a reasonably good security. It is apparently succeeding. The effect is that the paper money has actually held its value now for three weeks and prices are even beginning to go down a bit. One hears the first expressions of hope that have been uttered in months.

"A report is being circulated that Henry Ford has bought the Adler factory here, one of the largest producers of typewriters, automobiles, bicycles and farm machinery in Germany, and that he intends to open it in the near future and give employment to several thousand workers. The Germans are an industrious, progressive people. Their patience is remarkable. The eight-hour day which the war brought to the Germans will apparently be taken from them in a few days and the ten-hour day introduced again. The burden of debt on their shoulders is too great to permit them to think of short working hours for the present.

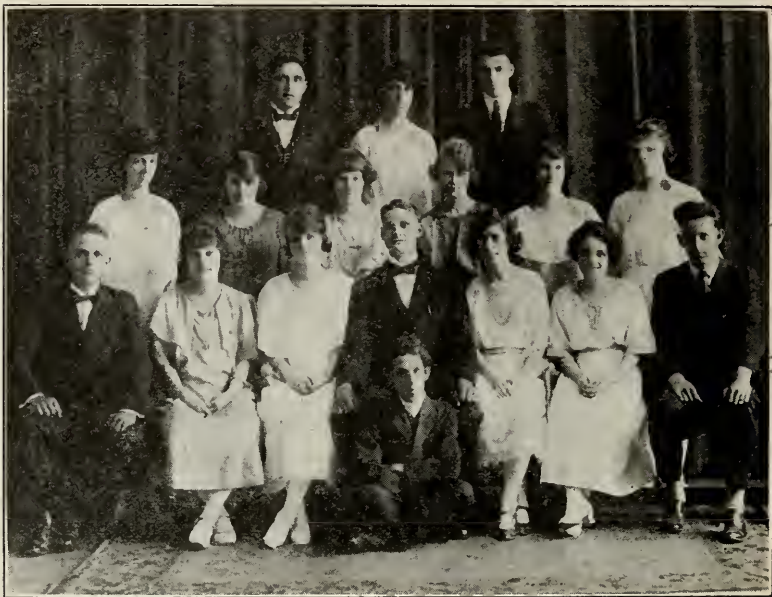
"The moral problems among the Germans are alcoholism and the prevention of illegitimate children. The war has had a deplorable effect on the morals, but the Germans are still a vigorous nation with good elements in their make-up, and they will come back if given a chance."

Elder Middleton expresses thankfulness for the privilege of being sent into the mission field and declares that the mission field affords the best two-year training on earth, filling the missionaries with new ideas, higher aspirations and ideals. He thinks he was sent just at the right time.

Proud of His Sunday School Class

Elder William LaVon Robison of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, reports November 25, 1923, that he is proud of his Sunday school class of the Brisbane branch Sunday school, a picture of which is herewith presented.

He says: "I am indeed proud of them. They are diligent and attentive. They are all tithepayers, one hundred per cent, a record that will stand comparison anywhere. This is one of the distant outposts of the Church and is the only organized branch Sunday School in sunny Queensland. Though gathering converts from among the people is very difficult, yet there is great satisfaction in knowing that so many that have been gathered are proving staunch and true. The Saints here enjoy reading the *Improvement Era* and greatly appreciate its issues sent to the branch. We hope the Spirit of the Lord will continue to operate mightily upon the Latter-day Saints in Zion as well as here, urging them to continue their good works. We hope that success will crown your efforts in the publication of the *Era*."



Members, back row, left to right: Golden I. Barlow, Maude Waters, Allan Campbell. Center row: May Campbell, Madge Carter, May Orth, Inger Anderson, Alice Orth, Erne Hardman. Front row: Harold R. Jackson, Gertie Orth, Mabel Trost, William LaVon Robison, teacher; Flora Waters, Elsie Blaker, William E. Waters. In front: Robert Waters.

Progress in the Kiel Branch, Germany

Elder Glen A. Rowe, conference president of the Hamburg conference, reports unusual progress in the Kiel branch. Since the 15th of November, 1922, forty-six members have been baptized, all of whom are active and eager in fulfilling the full measure of their responsibilities. Prior to that time there were forty-four in the branch. An increase of 104 per cent in one year speaks well for the Saints and missionaries in this little branch on the Baltic. "Elders B. Rigby Young and Arthur Liddle deserve special commendation for the excellent services they have rendered. Brother Young reports that twelve of his personal friends have been made members and that several others

have applied for baptism, and several of Elder Liddle's converts are taking active part in the affairs of the branch. Missionary Alfred Dzierson has served twenty-eight months without purse or scrip, and this German brother has won a place in the hearts of the people of Kiel. Brother Young's record is unusual and interesting from the fact that all his converts live on one street and that they are busy with their neighbors, many of whom are investigating the gospel.



The accompanying picture will introduce some of those who have been associated with the work in Kiel. They are, left to right, standing: Elder Max Lamprecht, Conference Secretary Milton B. Cannon, Missionary Alfred Dzierson. Sitting: Hugh Kimball, Conference President Glen A. Rowe, outgoing Branch President B. Rigby Young.

"In this connection, the Hamburg conference has increased its 1922 record in baptisms by 216 per cent, the number of baptisms in 1923 having reached 175. All the missionaries are safe and happy and are active in the work."

Average Attendance at Meetings Doubled

Elder M. D. Clayson, writing from Manchester, England, October 25, says: We received the *Eras* as usual this month and take great pleasure in reading their contents. It is strengthening to us to hear about our missionary friends throughout the world and the good work they are doing. During the last five months there have been fifteen baptisms in the Manchester conference, the majority of whom have been adult converts. Many sincere investigators are attending our meetings and the future looks promising. Through faith and prayers and the united efforts of our missionaries and Saints, the average attendance at our meetings has been doubled. Cottage and street meetings have been two of our best means in getting our message before the people of the world. These have both been well attended. Especially large crowds gather at our open-air meetings after which questions are permitted, giving us further opportunity to explain the restored gospel. We are never as happy as when standing before the crowds in the open air, telling people of the true plan of life and salvation.



MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Missionaries, left to right, standing: C. G. Dockslader, Mink Creek, Idaho; R. C. Capener, Riverside; R. D. McGregor, Beaver, Utah; C. C. Heaton, Moccasin, Arizona; R. A. Bailey, Monticello; A. V. Atkinson, Clarkston, Utah. Sitting: William Blackburn, Lovell; R. Warburton, retiring conference president, Rocksprings, Wyoming; M. D. Clayson, conference president, American Fork; C. P. Heiner, Clerk, Salt Lake City; E. S. Smith, Murray, Utah.

Conditions in Switzerland

Switzerland, our field of labor, is a unique country. The contrast of the snow-laden Alps to the fertile, green valleys is delightful. Swiss history and customs are interesting. They show the causes for the development of this mighty, little republic. The word "religion" is bound up with the country "Switzerland," for the Swiss towns are turreted with the bell towers and the spires of its many churches. Its sod, too, has been soaked in the blood of the reformers, who died in their fight for freedom of conscience. At a recent "Mormon" conference in Lausanne, an interesting point in Swiss life was brought out. The song "O My Father" was sung. During the singing, one distinguished three languages. The song was sung in English, French, and German. Switzerland has no individual national language. On the different borders the inhabitants speak French, German, and Italian; and the tourists, English. The Swiss are a steady, industrious people, lovers of individual freedom.

The working conditions of the missionaries in the Zurich conference have not greatly changed, in some respects, since 1856 when Elder William Budge was here. At that time he spent almost a week in jail, because he was a "Mormon." Now, although the Swiss law allows freedom of religious faith to its citizens, the executors of the law have banished missionaries from four cantons. Due to the fact that we are "Mormons" we are considered, in some districts, by the police directorates as totally unnecessary. This conclusion is reached due to the presence in such directorates of preachers whose vocation the "Mormon" elders endanger. The Zurich conference comprises nine branches, located in seven cantons of the Swiss Republic. The total membership of the Church in this conference is 550. The "increase" or "harvest," for the year 1923, totals 47 converted and baptized.

We are meeting with success in our street meetings. This conference is the only one in Switzerland, and, so far as I can ascertain, in the whole mission, which holds street meetings. Through our labors in this direction we have introduced our message to many hundreds of people who have listened earnestly to the testimonies of the restoration.

In our semi-annual conference on November 24-25, we enjoyed a rich spirit. Our mission president, Elder Fred Tadge, presided. His sermons were filled with rich, spiritual admonitions. The total attendance in the



ZURICH CONFERENCE, SWITZERLAND

Sitting, front row, left to right: E. Wayne Stratford, president of Zurich conference; Orson W. Kasteler, mission secretary; D. Owen Thurman, Basel (visiting); Eliza W. Tadge, president of Swiss-German mission Relief Societies; Antone L. Skanky, president of Winterthur branch; Fred Tadge, president of Swiss-German mission; Margarith Hofmann, Albert K. Aebischer, president Basel (visiting); K. Edward Hofman, president of Zurich conference. Standing, back row: Ernest A. White, Jr., superintendent Winterthur Sunday School; Claire W. Johnson, president, No. 2 Zurich branch; A. J. Eardley, president of Stuttgart conference; J. Wayne Moss, superintendent, No. 2 Zurich Sunday school; Lawrence A. Ripplinger, president of Bern conference; John A. Orme, St. Gallen; Adrian H. Hess, president of Schaffhausen branch; Eugene Jensen, president of M. I. A. in Zurich; Jakob Brunner, Zurich; Milford T. Herzog, assistant superintendent of Sunday School in Zurich; C. Francis Solomon, superintendent of St. Gallen Sunday School; Elias M. Cannon, president of No. 1 Zurich branch; Ernest Stettler, superintendent No. 1 Zurich Sunday School; Horace Kunz, Winterthur.

meetings was 832. Many of the Saints and friends present, came from distant cities to enjoy the spirit of the conference. It was a success.

We missionaries rejoice in the work, and are grateful for the privilege of being on missions, also we are thankful for the *Era*. In its pages we obtain high ideals, food for deep thought, and many helpful ideas and suggestions which, when translated into German, materially assist us to teach others the gospel. Its arrival each month is eagerly awaited.—Wayne Stratford, President Zurich Conference.

From the Province of Mecklenburg

Elder Vernal R. Steffenson, Rostock, Germany, October 27, says: "Although living conditions have become very critical here in Germany, we find that the great latter-day work is making much progress and that the efforts of the missionaries in this portion of the vineyard are being crowned with success. The harvest is truly white and ready to reap, though few there are to reap, there being only four missionaries in the whole province of Mecklenburg."



Missionaries, left to right: Vernal R. Steffenson, Salt Lake City; President Erhard M. Neubert of the Rostock branch, Wellington; and Thomas Dodds, Panguitch, Utah.

Fresno Conference

President McMurrin, accompanied by other mission authorities, was in attendance at the Fresno, California conference on November 23-25. The Relief Society and the missionaries of the conference and visitors from Los Angeles held special meetings in which President McMurrin gave valuable instructions on missionary work. The M. I. A. and Primary also held meeting under the direction of Superintendent Gustive O. Larson. Three general sessions of the conference were held on Sunday, November 25, in which the principles of the gospel were ably treated by the missionaries and some excellent musical selections delivered, with inspiring sermons from President McMurrin. The meetings were well attended by friends and investigators. A missionary social was held on Monday evening in Fresno at which games and refreshments were given. Sister Laura Bowman who has

labored in the mission for the past twenty-seven months was honorably released to return home in Nevada.—*Marita R. Blood*, Secretary.



Missionaries, left to right, top row: N. K. Sheranian, Murry W. Pierce, A. H. Tavoian, George Frodsham, J. Lyman Fawson, William R. Scott, Laura L. Bowman, Cleon L. Memmott, Arnold L. Jensen, DeLyman Bayles. Second row: Lydia A. Ekins, president Y. L. M. I. A. and Primaries; Elmer N. Christoferson, conference president; Joseph W. McMurrin, mission president; Charlotte R. Stahr, acting Relief Society president; Marita R. Blood, Gustive O. Larson, superintendent of Sunday schools. Bottom row: Constance A. Petersen, Stephen R. Angus, Glen P. Vincent, Grace Cheever.

Finds Joy in Australia

Elder Walter D. Francis, writing from Adelaide, South Australia, reports that the faithful Church workers there enjoy the *Era* very much. "It brings them joy and binds them closer to one another and to their brothers and sisters across the Pacific. The *Era* has helped to make friends and has opened many homes to the elders. Two years ago I was set apart by Elder Melvin J. Ballard for my mission and my cup has been overflowing with the blessings of my heavenly Father and with great joy, peace and happiness in life, ever since. Just as I was promised, I have been privileged to receive the many blessings and manifestations of the Lord. The sick have been instantly healed, devils have been cast out, the waves of the mighty Pacific have been stilled and darkness has faded out of sight. I have been privileged to help construct a house unto the Lord in this great city. I was promised: 'You have been called at the right time and to the right place.' It was an answer to our earnest prayers; though I desired that I labor among relatives in the East who know not the gospel, neither I nor my sick mother ever doubted that I had been called by revelation to labor here, and now I know that it is true. Some people here are very cold and indifferent, but we find many who rejoice in the light of the last day."

ASTRONOMY AND ANCIENT AND MODERN SCRIPTURES

BY HON. JOSEPH A. WEST

Enoch, Abraham, and Moses must have been versed in astronomy for the Lord revealed unto them many things relative to the stars, as will be seen by reference to the Books of Moses, and of Abraham, in the *Pearl of Great Price*, the former revealed to Joseph Smith and the latter translated from Ancient Egyptian records by him. (*See History of the Church*, Vol. 1, pp. 98-101, June, 1830; Vol. 2, pp. 235-236, 348-351, December, 1835.) It is also evident that Job, and perhaps others of the early prophets and patriarchs, were acquainted with this subject for the Lord asked Job where he was when "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," (38:7) and further enquired, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" (38:31.)

That modern conclusions on astronomy in many respects harmonize with the revelations of the Lord is quite evident; and the fact that Joseph Smith, who was at the time uneducated in the learning of the world, announced many astronomical truths, later reached by the learned, may be regarded as strong evidence that he was divinely inspired. For example:

An Inconceivable Number of Worlds

Upon a certain occasion the Lord showed Enoch the starry firmament, in great detail, and, in his great astonishment, he was led to remark:

"And were it possible that man could number the particles of the earth, yea, millions of earths like this, it would not be a beginning to the number of thy creations." (*Pearl of Great Price*, Moses 7:30.)

Unto Moses, the Lord said: "The heavens, they are many, and they cannot be numbered unto man." (Moses 1:37.)

While the words, "thy creations" may refer to many other things than worlds, they point mainly to what had been revealed in the heavens, viz: its innumerable planetary systems.

When these thoughts were first revealed, nearly a hundred years ago, the stars were not thought to be as numerous as they are known to be today. Astronomy now teaches that there are at least a hundred million of them, each of which is a sun, or the central planet, of a solar system, and that these systems each contain many worlds, some of which are larger than the orbit of our earth. Scientists have recently measured the distance to, and the diameter of, the great red star in the constellation Orion, known as Betelgeuse, and found to be 175 light years away, and its diameter to be 242 million miles. This

agrees with what the Lord told Abraham about some of the stars being very large as will be seen from a subsequent quotation.*

All Space Filled With Matter

Modern astronomy teaches that inter-stellar space is filled with cosmic dust, or disorganized world matter which, in the process of world creation, clusters together in what are called nebula, of which it is estimated there are a half million in different stages of world formation. This is called the nebular hypothesis of creation and is too lengthy for explanation here.

We infer from modern revelation that when God created this earth, he went out into space, supposedly far from the disturbing influence of other planetary systems, and, finding disorganized matter there, proceeded to organize it into a world.

Worlds Go Through Different Stages of Creative Development and Finally Pass Away

The Lord said unto Moses:

"For behold, there are many worlds that have passed away by the word of my power. And there are many that now stand, and innumerable are they unto man. * * * And as one earth shall pass away and the heavens thereof even so shall another come." (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 1:35, 38.)

Henry Smith Williams, in Volume I of his *Story of Modern Science*, says, concerning this phase of the subject, page 52 under the title, "The Life-Story of a Star:"

"A star is a body which is formed out of the cosmic mist of a nebula. The stages of stellar evolution are pretty clearly revealed by the spectroscope."

He then goes on to describe the various changes through which a star passes until it becomes a dark world, or, one borrowing its light from a central sun, like our earth in its present state, suitable for the abode of man. When it has lived its allotted time, it is destroyed, probably from internal explosion or by collision with some other world, and its elements are scattered throughout the universe as cosmic dust, to be taken up again in the formation of other worlds. He thus summarizes:

"There would seem to be no reason, however, why any given star might not undergo the process of collision, nebula formation, slow cooling, and extinction, over and over again."

He also says, after discussing in detail the process of world formation and transition:

"Thus may the cosmic race, whose aggregate census makes up the stellar universe, be perpetuated—individual solar systems, such as ours, being born, and growing old, dying to live again in their descendants, while

* (See also *Scribner's Magazine*, June, 1922; and January, 1924.)

the universe as a whole maintains its unified integrity—through all these internal mutations—passing on, it may be by infinitesimal stages to a culmination hopelessly beyond human comprehension.”*

Worlds Created as an Abode for Man

Among the wonderful and beautiful sayings contained in the 76th section of the Doctrine and Covenants, verses 22 to 24, inclusive, we have the following:

“And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—that by him, and through him and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God.”

Astronomers believe that many of the worlds, in the universe, are inhabited. Note the following from *The Story of Modern Science*, Vol. 1, page 9:

“Laplace and Herschell are honored for teaching that gravitation built up the system which it still controls; that our universe is but a minor nebula; our sun a minor star; our earth but a mere atom of matter, our race only one of the myriad races peopling the infinity of worlds.”

Why Was Our Earth Created as an Abode for Man?

The answer is given in the third chapter of Abraham, Pearl of Great Price, where, among other precious truths, it is said:

“Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; * * * and there stood one among them, that was like unto God, and he said unto those that were with him: We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials. (Astronomers would perhaps call it cosmic dust) and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell; and we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them; * * * and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads for ever and ever.” (Verses 22-26.)

The Lord also said unto Moses:

“This is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality

*“What a picture is thus presented to the imagination! Myriads of stars, many of them far larger than the sun, organized in a system so vast that light cannot traverse it in less than three hundred thousand years. Each star a powerful centre of attractive and repulsive forces, drawing into it, at meteoric velocities, all masses entering its neighborhood at moderate speeds; driving from it electrons and other minute particles, which its repulsion pursues into the most distant regions of the universe. Each particle, moving with millions of its kind through the highways and crossroads of space, or drawn with its companions into masses by mutual attraction, aiding to form great cosmic clouds, dark and obscuring when far from brilliant stars, luminous with the spectral hues of the lightest gases when exposed to intense stellar excitation. And this is but half the picture, for every particle of gas or dust is built of countless molecules, and these in turn of atoms, each comprising an ultramicroscopic world, in which the whirling electrons, like the planets of the solar system, move in their orbits about a positive nucleus—their central sun.”—George Ellery Hale, in *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1924.

and the eternal life of man." (1:39 Book of Moses, Pearl of Great Price.)

The Latter-day Saints do not go beyond reason when they believe that not only this earth but all the innumerable worlds in space were created ultimately to become a fit abode for God's spiritual children. They may thus obtain bodies and pass through a most valuable mortal experience. When death overtakes them they again pass into the spirit state and enter upon another probation, finally attaining to the resurrection, which constitutes the crowning event of their progressive lives.

The Lord revealed to Abraham the following:

"And I, Abraham, had the Urim and Thummim, which the Lord my God had given unto me, in Ur of the Chaldees; and I saw the stars, that they were very great, and that one of them was nearest unto the throne of God; and there were many great ones which were near unto it; and the Lord said unto me, "These are the governing ones; and the name of the great one is Kolob, because it is near unto me. * * * I have set this one to govern all those which belong to the same order as that upon which thou standest.

"And the Lord said unto me, by the Urim and Thummim, that Kolob was after the manner of the Lord, according to its times and seasons in the revolutions thereof; that one revolution was a day unto the Lord, after his manner of reckoning, it being one thousand years according to the time appointed unto that whereon thou standest. This is the reckoning of the Lord's time, according to the reckoning of Kolob." (Book of Abraham 3:1-4, incl., Pearl of Great Price.)

Astronomers teach that all planetary systems are traveling toward a common or central point, in a northwesterly direction, and at a very rapid rate. Our earth, for instance, is not only subject to its diurnal revolutions at a speed of over a thousand miles per hour, but in its annual course around the sun is traveling at the rate of nearly nineteen miles per second, and in its flight toward the center of the universe at the rate of twelve and one-half miles per second. Of these movements, called by astronomers "the proper movement of the stars," Smith says: "So the cycle process might conceivably go on forever; or until some unthinkable remote period of the future when all the gravitational matter in the universe has been aggregated into a single mass."

As to the time that it would take to accomplish this, should this be the ultimate program, he does not pretend to say, for time and space are so incomprehensible to the finite mind of man. But some idea may be obtained from the following:

Immensity of Space

A modern air ship traveling at the rate of a mile a minute would encircle the earth in seventeen days, would reach our nearest neighbor on the solar system, Mars, in ninety odd years, and the most distant planet, Neptune, in five thousand years. It would reach the nearest

star in fifty millions years and a star of average distance in from twenty to thirty billion years. It is no wonder, then, that astronomers have to adopt another standard of measure, *viz*: the light-years, when referring to the distances in this immense universe of which we form but an infinitesimal part. This unit, or light-year, as stated before is nearly a million million miles. Some idea of the immensity of space can be derived from the fact that the milky way is said to be from two to three-hundred light-years in extent.*

W. W. Phelps, a close friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith, in contemplating the immensity of the universe, wrote the following:

If you could hie to Kolob, in the twinkling of an eye,
And then continue onward, in that same speed to fly,

Do you think that you could ever, through all eternity,
Find out the generation where Gods began to be?

Or see the grand beginning, where space did not extend?
Or view the last creation, where Gods and matter end?

Methinks the spirit whispers, No man has found pure space,
Nor seen the outside curtains, where nothing has a place.

There is another thought that, while not strictly of an astronomical character, I would like to express in this connection. It is this: Five-sevenths of the earth's surface is covered with water and the remaining two-sevenths is land. It has been conclusively determined by sea soundings, that were the land leveled to an equal distance from the center of the earth, the water would cover it to a depth of nearly a mile, just as it must have been on the second day of creation. The Lord gave command on that day for the "waters to be gathered together and for the land to be made to appear."

After the land had been made to appear, and it had become fitted for the production of vegetable life, the Lord said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind." (Gen. 1:11.)

Having thus been provided with sustenance, the animals in endless variety were next created, and, finally, man "was formed out of the dust of the earth," and given dominion.

Logan, Utah

*The distance to the sun and stars is determined by different methods, but the simplest of them all, to the mathematician, is that of triangulation in which the base line employed is the semi-diameter of the earth's orbit which is approximately twice the mean distance to the sun. This base line is obtained by taking observations six months apart, or when the earth is at the extreme ends of its orbit's opposite elongations.

A light year is the distance that light, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, will travel in a year—almost a million million miles—W.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF ROBERT LE NOIR

BY EVERETT SPRING

I

"The train from San Francisco will be due in New York, on Friday at five o'clock, and I will arrive there almost as soon as this letter reaches you. If you can spare the time to meet me at the Grand Central depot, come, for the face of a true friend will be the most pleasant welcome I can have after my six years abroad, and I have so much to say. I have been afraid to write for some time now, my dear Ralph, since nearly every answer I used to have told me of loss, or death, or change.

"My work is finished on the other side of the Pacific, and I have come back to remain. You, who know me so well, can imagine how every mile that brought me nearer home woke the old recollections, and made it so bitterly hard for me to realize that my hard work and patient faith have been wasted. I might as well have come back a poor man, or remained in exile. I have tried to forget Marah, and to forgive the unknown enemy who stole her away, but the desire for revenge has grown upon me; my resolve to hunt him down is stronger than when you first told me she was gone. I must find her, Ralph, and I must find him, and, by all that was sacred in our old friendship, I ask you to help me in the search."

Ralph Swinburne read these two paragraphs a second time, with a face that could not have been more troubled had he seen his own death-warrant in them. They were part of a long letter written by the man who had been his dearest friend. The time was not so far distant when he had waited with expectant longing for a few lines from Robert Le Noir, now he almost hated himself for the sinful and despairing wish that the writer had not lived to return.

In his anxious desire to avoid the dreaded meeting he thought of sending one of his clerks to the station, but it was not in his nature to be a coward. The junior partner in the eminent legal firm of Lincoln and Swinburne had gained his present position by his straightforward conduct, and a manly habit of never flinching from a difficulty. He might have been said to constitute the firm, for Mr. Lincoln only appeared by appointment with some special client; he trusted everything to Ralph's integrity and judgment.

This responsibility rested rather heavily on Ralph Swinburne just now; a large amount of money passed through his hands, and with the daring of a young and ambitious man he had undertaken greater risk in some transactions than his older and more experienced principal would have sanctioned.

The junior partner required all his nerve to take him through a crisis impending, and Robert Le Noir could not have come back at a more unfortunate time. His long silence and his absence had lulled Mr. Swinburne into a false security, and his unexpected return was the

first cloud thrown like a warning across the hitherto unbroken sunshine of Ralph's way.

Much as he shrank from the meeting, he was glad when the train came in, and his suspense was ended for the time; and there was tenderness as well as remorse in the rush of emotion that went to his heart when he saw Robert Le Noir alight from a car near the middle of the train.

The two men clasped hands on the platform an instant later, Le Noir with a smile of welcome and relief, Swinburne with one as glad for the moment, but there was a pained restraint in it that did not escape his friend.

"I knew you would be here, old fellow," Robert said. "I was sure you would not fail me, but how pale you are, you have been ill?"

"Rather over-worked," Swinburne answered; "and I was never very strong, but you are looking wonderfully well."

"That is the way of life," Le Noir said, with a shadow on his face. "When I had most to live for I was stricken down beyond hope of recovery; since I lost everything I have become a man of iron in more senses than one."

"Since you lost everything?" Swinburne repeated.

"Not my money," Robert said. "I have plenty of that; but Marah was everything to me. I want you to tell me about her, Ralph—you know where to find some quiet place, your office, or you can take me home. I have not written to a soul except yourself, and I shall have to trespass on your hospitality for a day or two. Even if you are married, as I dare say you are by this time, your wife would make an old friend welcome."

"Yes, I am married," Swinburne said very quietly, "and no one would be more welcome than you. I have been married four years, Robert," he added, with an unconscious appeal in his voice, "and we have a boy, a beautiful little fellow, named after you. We have a baby girl as well, I should like you to see them."

"As I shall, of course," Robert said affectionately. "It was like you, my dear Ralph, to think of me when you named your boy. He shall not be the poorer for it. I have no doubt you spoke of me so frequently that your wife has made a friend of me already. Will you take me straight home, or prepare her for my coming?"

"I'd better let her know," Ralph said. "She is rather delicate and sensitive. It would not do to take her by surprise. We will go to my office first."

They had a taxicab to Swinburne's offices, and on the way Robert tried to conjecture what kind of wife his friend had won. It had been a good-humored jest with Ralph's intimates that he was destined for a bachelor's existence; but they were men, and did not measure him as women did. The men mistook his tender reticence for shyness and reserve. They never saw the subtle instinct that enabled

Swinburne to find out a woman's sympathies, and anticipate her every wish. He always had the right word to say just when it was required, and he had the still rarer art of knowing when to be silent.

Le Noir, in common with Swinburne's other intimates, had made the fatal error of regarding Ralph as a plodding, simple-minded, steady fellow, not much to look at, and only fit to be a painstaking plodder in some one's law office. They never dreamed of the strong passions and daring ambition held in rein under his quiet exterior. His pride was wounded by their estimate of him, and he purposely let them misunderstand him, taking a secret delight in their surprise, as he pictured it, when he should throw off the mask.

Something of this was in his mind as the taxicab drew up at his offices. It helped to nerve him for the task he had to go through, but he could have wished that any man other than Robert Le Noir had been there to confront him. He passed straight through the outer room, where the clerks were still at work, and Robert followed him into his sanctum, shut in by double doors. The silence was so sudden and intense that Le Noir noticed it.

"What a quiet den you have here," he said, "and in the very heart of New York. Why, not a minute ago we were in the thick of the traffic—a deafening, bewildering, surging tide, so full of eager life and hurrying motion that it took my breath away, and now we cannot hear a sound. But, I say, Ralph, do you ever trust yourself here alone?"

"Very often," said Ralph, with a quiet smile.

"But what if your clerks were gone and you were shut in here with an ugly customer, a disappointed client, perhaps, or an enemy?"

"Disappointed clients never resort to violence, Robert. It is easily understood that for every successful suitor at law there must be an unsuccessful one. As for enemies, I do not know that I have one in the world. Any other kind of ugly customer, housebreaker or thief, might come and be welcome. I am stronger than I look, and I am always ready, you see?"

He touched the spring of a small drawer in the massive writing-table, and the lid fell to the length of the bands that held it at each side. On a shelf in front of him a revolver lay ready to his hand.

"Not a bad precaution," Robert said, as Swinburne closed the drawer. "I dare say you have plenty of money here?"

"Rarely less than five thousand dollars in cash and bonds, taking one day with another," Ralph said. "Ours is an old established business, and we do a great deal in the way of investments."

"A sort of thing I should not care for," Le Noir said. "Trust money is awkward to handle, and several gentlemen of your profession have come to grief over it; but you were never inclined to speculate—even with your own cash. You have just the proper temperament for that rarity, an honest lawyer."

"Come, Robert," Ralph said with an uneasy laugh, "that is unworthy of you. A doctor cannot save all his patients; a lawyer cannot win for all his clients. If you give your banker discretionary power to invest money for you, you do not always come out on the right side."

"True," said Robert, "but I am not going back from my position. Bankers are men of a higher moral fiber. A lawyer cannot be constantly in contact with all the rascality of human nature without being contaminated by it. With you it is different. You were a gentleman to begin with, which is more than can be said of most of them. But let us get back to our own affairs. I have your letters here, the three you sent me before I ceased to write. In the first you told me Marah had gone; in the second and third you were only able to tell me that you had not been able to find her."

"Pardon me," Swinburne said. He was very pale, and his breath coming hard, was held in by his compressed lips. "I said that I could not tell you where she was."

Robert Le Noir looked at him quickly, and in the strange change of his face saw that which sent a sharp suspicion to his mind.

"Surely," he said, "you did not play such a petty legal subterfuge on me, your friend! I sent you across the ocean a question with all my soul in it, and you answered with a quibble. I cannot believe it, Ralph Swinburne. You could not have been such a villain to me. You will not tell me that you knew where she was?"

"You had better know the truth at once," Swinburne said, "and you shall have the explanation or confession afterwards, if you like. I knew where she was. I have known ever since. It is too late now to undo what has been done, and I am not sure that I would if I could. Marah has been for years a wife, loved, and, I think, happy. She is mine!"

He saw what was coming and did not try to avert it. He had no sooner spoken than he felt himself seized by the throat with murder in the fierce black eyes that blazed in his pallid face; but he did not move of his own volition, did not struggle or flinch, or seek the weapon near his hand. He did not even cry out when he was flung crashing into a corner, and rose slowly in his pain.

"You can take that pistol and kill me if you like," he said with a quietude in which there was no submission or fear. "You may as well. When Marah hears that you have come back, and knows how I deceived her, she will never forgive me. There, you have your revenge, Robert Le Noir. I wronged you badly, but I am quite at your mercy now."

But Robert did not answer; he only folded his arms on the green-veined marble of the mantelpiece and sobbed out: "You! Of all men in the world! The only one I trusted. You!"

II

It was easy enough for Ralph Swinburne to forgive Robert for the sudden fury which had prompted the attack upon him; had the wild justice of revenge led to his death, he would have accepted it without resistance at the hands of the man he had wronged, but it was not so easy to forgive himself when the pathos of those few reproachful words reached his heart; when he yielded to the sweet temptation that made him a traitor, he had never contemplated such a moment as this.

"If you had never gone away," Ralph said with a sadness in which there was less self-abasement than might have been expected, "or if you had taken Marah with you, I should still have had my friend; or, better still, if you had not left her to me, but you were blind like the rest, you looked upon me as a plodding clod, chained willingly to the desk and ledger, a contented simpleton, tame-spirited and passionless, and I had loved her all the time."

There was a slight movement of surprise from the silent figure by the mantel-piece, and he went on: "You will ask me, perhaps, why I did not tell you so openly; but you forget that you did not tell me of your love for her till you had made sure of her love for you, and I liked you too well to disturb your happiness by letting you know what it cost me to witness it. You were a handsome, brilliant fellow always, and I, plain and shy, and quiet, stood no chance while you were by. I did not envy you, either. David was not more true to Jonathan than I to you. Had you married her I should have loved you both, and your fireside would have been my dearest resting-place; but you went away for the sake of growing rich, and you left her to me."

"I left her to my friend," said the sorrowful, accusing voice, and the haggard face was lifted for a moment; "I left her to my friend."

"Heaven help us both: and forgive me," Ralph replied, "for it was a charge that tried me beyond my strength. You made a compact with her father, Mr. Seeton, that you would not write to her till you were sure of a position, and could come back to marry her and take her away to your new home. You might have known that he only consented to such an arrangement for the sake of getting rid of you, if only for a time, you were never a favorite of his, and he did not like the idea of his daughter leaving him, and soon after you were gone he fell into difficulties, as you may have heard."

"I heard nothing."

"Well, I helped him. Not with any ulterior motive then, but I had saved money and was quietly making my way in the world. I was always welcome to him, and I gave Marah all my time, for your sake; I was her constant companion, and every day I had a harder fight against the passion that was beginning to master me. I

should have been true to you to the very end, if you had not sent that fatal newspaper."

"The one I sent you with a letter, so that there would be no mistake?"

"Yes; the one that contained the account of Robert Le Noir's death, who had been abroad about a year. I showed it to her father, and it was he who suggested that the way might easily be made clear for me. I do not take shelter behind that. Satan waited his time at the elbow of an honorable man; but I had already faltered in my faith, and fallen so low that the temptation was irresistible. I kept the letter back. He left the newspaper where he knew she was sure to find it, and you yourself had underlined the paragraph with your pen. She saw it and believed that you were dead. You know the rest."

"You married her like the traitor that you were!"

"Her father was getting poorer every day; he was on the brink of ruin, and he put it to her pride that he could not accept my help unless she was married to me. A loan from his son-in-law would simply be a family affair, but while I was only a friend his self-respect forbade him to let me render any further assistance.

"I myself, said little. I only told her I loved her, and would try to make her happy; and shame and remorse were with me, even when, in her gentle way, she consented to be my wife."

"We were married, Robert; and I knew, God knows how bitterly, that I never for a moment took your place in her heart. I have heard her speak your name in her dreams. I have seen her wake in the night and look at me, then lay her face again on the pillows with a sigh of disappointment and resignation. She always gave me a sweet and dutiful affection, but the love of her life was in her recollection of you."

"Why do you tell me this?" Robert asked. "Does it make things better for her or me, that you robbed me in vain?"

"I hardly know why I tell you, Robert, but it is the truth, and I feel that I must confess. I waited patiently, and her love for me began to grow when our first child was born, and I deluded myself into the fond belief that you were almost forgotten, till, when she was lying at death's door, Marah asked me, with what I feared would be her last breath, to name the baby after you, and when she recovered it was still her wish. We called him Robert Le Noir Swinburne, and though I never showed a sign of jealousy, I knew that every time she looked at him she had you in her memory."

"I cannot understand," Robert said, "why you have told me this."

"Because I throw myself upon your mercy, and for her sake, Robert, I have won her love at last. You could not take it from me by telling of my treachery without breaking down her happiness. I hoped as the time wore on, and you did not write, that you had

taken a wife to yourself, and if ever you came back we might be friends again; is it impossible, or too late?"

"It is impossible and it is too late!" was the sombre answer. "I will not betray you to Marah. You know me well enough when you put in that plea for her happiness. She shall never hear from me that the father of her children was such a dishonorable traitor. But I cannot forgive you, Ralph Swinburne. Measure my enmity by what my friendship was, and you may gauge its depths. I will never purposely or in studied malice try to injure you; but heaven help you if fate should ever place you in my power, for you will have no mercy from me!"

It was the saddest day Ralph Swinburne had ever known. He went home from his office humiliated in body and mind, and haunted by the face of the man whose life he had wrecked.

His young wife, lovely in herself, and lovelier for a sweet, low voice and gentle manner, kissed him tenderly while held to his breast, and was conscious of some trouble in the heart that beat so near to her own. It was true, as he had told Robert Le Noir, he had won her love at last.

"You are tired, dearest," she said. "I think you work too hard. I had dinner put back, are you ready for it now?"

"Yes, my darling, I am ready but I have spoiled it; I am afraid. I am nearly an hour and a half behind my time."

"You had a troublesome client, I suppose?"

"We must take them as they come," he said, conjuring up a smile, and I soon forget them when I am at home."

Dinner was served, and he made a brave attempt to eat; but his appetite was gone, and the attentive maid took away his plate, time after time, with the contents scarcely tasted.

"You said just now that I had a troublesome client," he observed, after a longer interval than usual, "and I hardly know whether I was right in letting you suppose so, even for an hour. I had a great surprise, Marah. It would have been a glad one but for the shock and pain it gave me. I do not think anyone is justified in springing such a mine upon his friends. I had a visit from a man I never thought to see again in this world."

"An old friend, was he, Ralph?"

„The oldest and the dearest I ever had. Can you guess his name? You saw it in the newspaper five years ago."

"Not," she faltered, "not Robert Le Noir?"

"Yes, dearest, it was Robert Le Noir."

He saw that she pressed the baby closer to her heart, as if to still a sudden pain there, and he kept the boy on his knee. With these strong love-links between them, and before her eyes, Marah could not forget that she belonged to him.

"He sent for me to meet him at the train," Ralph went on, glad that he could tell the truth so far, and shrinking from the lie that

must be told. "I had not received a line from him for years, and it came like a message from the dead; and it seemed to me as if he thought you ought to have waited. He had some old-fashioned romantic notion that your love should have stood the test of time and absence; that you should have remained true to him with a blind faith in his return some day, and he said many very bitter things to me."

"Why should he blame you?" Marah said. "You, who were so staunch to him. I should never have known you cared for me had it not been for my father. You thought he was dead, as we did, or you would never have asked me to be your wife, I am sure."

Marah Swinburne forced herself to say this, because Ralph seemed so deeply hurt, and she had never suspected him. She did not now, though with the knowledge of Robert Le Noir's return, some faint misgivings of foul play that had troubled her at one time came back again. But she had her father in her mind when she thought of this, and he was dead. It was not for her to send a reproach to him beyond the grave, and then two inexorable facts stood out distinct and clear from the maze of conjecture. Robert had come back unmarried and faithful to her, and he had come too late, she was a wife and mother.

If for an instant a wild passionate longing for the past leaped into her heart, it was gone almost as quickly; she had but to think of Ralph as she had always known him. His generous conduct to her father; his patient and delicate consideration as a lover; his indulgent devotion as a husband. Perhaps he mistook the nature of her thoughts, for he came over to her side.

"Marah," he said wistfully, "my own dear wife." You will not let this man come between us now. We have been so happy for a long time, that I could not bear a shadow of restraint. I am not jealous. I should never doubt you; but I know he was all the world to you once."

Her woman's instinct taught her what to do and what to say, in this unlooked-for crisis. She knew how easily at such a moment two lives can begin to drift apart, and she saw that the jealousy and doubt he repudiated were strongly at work within him. Marah drew his face down to her own for a kiss, and her sweet, low voice, was steady as she said: "What Robert Le Noir was to me is nothing, Ralph. You are my world now. I am only sorry he was unjust to you, for you were fond of him; but if he prefers new friends to old ones we can afford to let him go."

III

Robert Le Noir turned away from Mr. Swinburne's office with a heavy heart, a disappointed, lonely man, for whom in this great city there was no such thing as a look of sympathy or the touch of a

kindly hand. It seemed to him that his last hope was gone, when he discovered in his dearest friend the traitor he had come so far to seek. He had looked forward to at least welcome under Ralph's roof, a few days' rest, a talk over old times, and some advice concerning the new life Le Noir wanted to begin; for, though he was a rich man, Robert did not intend to be an idle one, but he hardly cared what became of himself now.

He stood irresolute on the pavement, till the sight of a passing car on its way toward Gramarcy Park reminded him of an old acquaintance who lived in that direction when he left America. This was Mr. Edward P. Simpson, the president of the bank in which Robert was employed before he put his name to a note for a friend, and was summarily dismissed for breaking the rules of the establishment. He had a grateful recollection of the president's kindness on that occasion, and many others, and though not a line had passed between them for six years, Robert had no doubt that the Simpson's would be glad to see him.

The car that brought this to his memory was out of sight before he had made up his mind; but he walked on till the next car overtook him, and he was put down within a few blocks or so of the president's residence. He came to a halt almost at the door. He did not know what changes might have taken place during these six years; so he made inquiries at the nearest store, and heard what he had half expected and feared. Mr. Simpson, a portly and genial gentleman in the prime of life when Robert saw him last, was dead. Mrs. Simpson had removed to a smaller house not far away.

The Simpsons, as he remembered them, were a family of five, including two sons, and one daughter, Bernece, a pretty child of thirteen, as Robert saw her in his mind. Of these, the only two left in New York were the mother and the girl. The sons were married and settled in the west, and after the fashion of some sons with children of their own, they did not trouble themselves greatly about the mother they had left behind. But Mrs. Simpson was very happy in her quiet life with Bernece, she had grown accustomed to their uneventful, tranquil days; still the advent of an old acquaintance was a welcome change.

"Robert Le Noir," the widow said when the servant gave her his card. "This must be the gentleman your father used to think so highly of, Bernece. He went abroad, I think. Ask him in, please."

Le Noir knew Mrs. Simpson in a moment, but it was not so easy for her to recognize him. He was a strong-hearted, self-repressive man, on whom thought and suffering, and passion left their mark, and at thirty years of age his hair and beard were tinged with grey. When he smiled, however, and still more when he spoke, the lady of the house identified him, with a depth of pleasure she had long been a stranger to.

"How kind of you to think of us," she said. "I had no idea you were in America, Mr. Le Noir."

"The kindness is all yours, dear madam," he said, moved by this warm and unaffected greeting. "It is the first welcome I have had since I came home."

She saw his stern lip tremble, and there was a grateful softness in the pressure of his hand, which told her that some recent disappointment had stung him to the quick. Trouble of any sort was a readily acknowledged claim on Mrs. Simpson's kindness, and she at once took the tone of an old and familiar friend, and made him feel that he was at home; in this she was ably seconded by her daughter, who came forward of her own accord and shook hands with him.

"You have not forgotten me, I hope, Mr. Le Noir," she said. "And if you have, I can assure you I have not forgotten you. You bought me my last doll, and a buggy for it; you brought them to me not long before you went away. I recollect it as well as if it had only happened yesterday."

So did Robert Le Noir. He could recall her innocent delight and the kiss she gave him, being then a dainty stripling in short dresses, with a torrent of chestnut hair falling over her slender shoulders. She was a tall and beautiful woman now, with a fine, full figure, and a sweet, fearless face, brimful of play and harmless mischief when not in repose, and then it was a miracle of thoughtful tenderness.

"Six years ago," he said. "Only six years, Miss Simpson: and you, of course, have done with dolls for ever, while I have lived through a long lifetime since then, or feel as if I had."

It was clear to Mrs. Simpson that he was not happy. He had come back poor, perhaps; but in her own mind the widow was convinced that fate had not used him well; and, mindful of her own sons, her heart went out to this solitary man.

"I am afraid you have seen a deal of trouble, Mr. Le Noir, but you must make the best of it. You are still young, you know, and though you lost one good situation by a generous indiscretion, that is no reason why you should not get another now that you are older and wiser.

Mr. Le Noir looked at her with a curiously pleased and appreciative smile. It was on his tongue to tell her she was very kind, and explain how little need he had of help from anyone, but in the steady flow of her fine intentions she did not give him time.

"And meanwhile," she went on, "you will stay here. We have plenty of rooms, and I need not say you are welcome. Will you?"

"Do, Mr. Le Noir," Bernece said. "We should like it so much."

His momentary hesitation vanished, and he was moved almost to tears.

"God bless you both!" he said. "I will stay and thank you for having made me human again. Less than an hour ago I left the man

I thought my only and my dearest friend with worse than murder in my heart; but that is a story with which I will not burden you. Dear madam, and you, Miss Simpson, I can read the noble spirit which prompted your invitation as clearly as if I saw it written down. You think I have come back poor."

"If you have not," Mrs. Simpson observed, "so much the better for yourself."

"I am a rich man," he said; "so rich that I should have been glad had I found you poorer. For then I could have shown you I was not forgetful of your many kindnesses; but, except that your house is not so large, I do not see much alteration in your circumstances."

"We are, of course, in a different position," Mrs. Simpson said. "My husband was fond of society, as you know, and lived nearly up to his income. Still, he left me twenty-five thousand dollars, and that is so well invested that we have fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"Six per cent," said Robert. "Rather a high rate of interest, is it not, for a safe investment?"

"Oh, it is safe enough," the widow said in all simplicity. "It never varies a dollar. As regularly as the quarter comes, we have our check for three hundred and seventy-five dollars. Never more and never less."

"That is something marvelous!" Mr. Le Noir said. "Shares are subject to fluctuations, and as I have some idle money in hand, I should like to know how yours is placed."

"I gave it to our lawyers," Mrs. Simpson informed him serenely; "Lincoln and Swinburne, but Mr. Swinburne manages the business now and as the income comes regularly, I have never troubled to ask in what stock the money is invested. Mr. Swinburne was a friend of yours at one time, was he not?"

"Yes," Robert said, between his teeth, "he was. I should not like to make you uneasy, Mrs. Simpson, but he is a man in whom I have very little faith. If you will be advised by me, you will make inquiries, and see what real security there is for the stability of your income. The list of lawyers who have abused the confidence of their clients in regard to trust-money is a terribly long one."

"It would be a dreadful thing to lose our money," the widow said, alarmed, "and my sons are so far away." Would it be too much to ask you to make these inquiries, Mr. Le Noir?"

"I will, if you wish it," he said, "or rather, I will get it done, for there are reasons why I would prefer not to appear in its personally at present; but I will have the matter investigated thoroughly."

He dined with them pleasantly and well. Bernece sang to him with her rich, young contralto voice, so full of power that it would have rung through the street had she not subdued it with due regard to the acoustic space at her disposal.

He had been lifted from darkness into light, found fresh friends

and a welcome just when his prospects seemed almost cheerless and his disappointment was most bitter. He ought to have slept tranquilly under this roof, where all was kindness and purity, but even with Bernece's soft good-night, and the kiss of six years ago lingering in his memory, he lay awake till dawn.

Restless, and with an unholy sense of exultation, it came back to him how Ralph Swinburne had winced at his accidental remark about lawyers and trust-money, the uneasy laugh with which he had tried to turn the conversation, and his own last words as he left the office. They seemed prophetic now.

"Can it be that fate has placed him in my hands already," he thought. "I said that I would never purposely, or of studied malice, try to injure him; but, if through no agency of mine he should fall into my power, let him look for mercy elsewhere, he will have none from me."

He determined to have a detective at work on the morrow. He took a savage pleasure in turning over in his mind the many civilized advantages a revengeful man with money can find ready to his hand. There was no need to burn his enemy's house and let him perish in the fire, nor to hire a ruffian to waylay him in the dark. That social incendiary and secret assassin of reputation, the private detective agent, would provide him with means which would be as cruel as they were safe and pitiless.

IV

Mr. Le Noir went out next day strong in his unfaltering purpose, and found no difficulty in procuring agents for his work. In every step he took, Robert could satisfy his conscience by saying that he was doing nothing more than his duty to the widow and her daughter Bernece. He was sure in his own mind that no safe and permanent investment could yield a steady six per cent; and it was just possible that Ralph Swinburne, like many men in a similar position, was paying the interest out of the capital. This, sooner or later, could have but one result, the bankruptcy, or worse, of the lawyer, and the ruin of his clients.

"There is no malice or revenge in this," Robert said to himself. "If Ralph Swinburne cannot stand the test of an investigation, it is not for me to hold my hand, or take the blame, and he may be acting in good faith. I have no right to doubt him; but that unvarying quarterly amount is suspicious on the face of it."

It might have been that his revengeful hatred would have died away under the gentler influence of his new life, had not circumstances thrown Ralph in his way.

This unpretending establishment of the widow and her daughter was such a haven of rest as he had never known. It did not cost Mrs. Simpson the slightest effort to make her house a home in the truest

sense of the word, and Bernece was a singularly sympathetic companion.

He had not been under the widow's roof many days before he told them the story of his disappointment, without mentioning the names of the girl he had lost, or the man who had wronged him. And from that moment Bernece thought of him with a tender compassion, which found expression in many innocent, endearing ways.

He would have smiled incredulously at the suggestion that love was finding its way into his heart once more, and yet life was sweeter to him than it had ever been, except in those old days when he lived for Marah.

He had come back to America almost a misanthrope, gloomy and embittered against the whole of human kind; but the kindly reception which had met him here made a change that was good to see. He was always cheerful and pleasant, if never gay. If he rarely laughed, he was never without a smile for his friends.

He saw that Bernece's tranquil existence with her mother had not been free from monotony, and he broke into this with well chosen offerings of the newest books, the latest music, the choicest fruits and rarest flowers he could find. And sometimes he ventured on a ticket for the theatre; and Mrs. Simpson, though she had long since relinquished such amusements for herself, was very willing to let Bernece enjoy them under Mr. Le Noir's escort. Perhaps the widow saw the way things were drifting, and was pleased to think that her daughter's future might be cared for by this gentle-speaking, thoughtful man of thirty.

He was not idle while waiting for the result of his inquiries, he bought an active partnership in a trading and financial business, where his foreign experience stood an additional value on his money, and he was fairly established in it when his agent came to tell him what he had discovered concerning Ralph Swinburne. In brief, there was nothing in it to cause Robert Le Noir any surprise. His keen perception and the subtle instinct of his hatred had enabled him to anticipate it. The senior partner, Mr. Lincoln, was an indolent, easy-going man, fond of a good table and old wine. He left the management of everything to Ralph, and he had not used his opportunities wisely or well.

The information, easily verified, by Robert in his new position, proved that Mr. Swinburne was connected with a firm, or gang of brokers, whose tempting and delusive advertisements filled whole columns of the leading newspapers, and whose transactions were not recognized by the legitimate members of the Stock Exchange. It was clear to Le Noir that Ralph Swinburne was simply a dupe and a decoy, and he was not a man to be trusted with the use of other people's money.

Not wishing to appear in the matter as yet, Robert instructed a lawyer to apply for an immediate statement as to the investments made, and a return of the twenty-five thousand dollars.

Such a demand came to Ralph Swinburne like a bolt from a cloudless sky. It struck the ground from under his feet, and left him on the verge of an abyss, from which he looked in vain for a hand strong enough to rescue him.

He dared not consult the senior partner, or ask his help, for Mr. Lincoln was as hard in business as he was easy in private life, and would at once have taken measures to expel Ralph from the firm.

The whole of Mr. Swinburne's available resources, apart from the household furniture, would not have brought more than one-half of the amount needed; his only hope was that his credit might be good enough for the amount, if they would give him time.

It went against him to ask a favor, but he had no alternative. He knew the lawyer who had written to him, a rigidly honorable gentleman of the old school, and far from likely to overlook any laxity of professional conduct on the part of a fellow practitioner; but he had taken a friendly interest in Ralph's career, and the young man hoped it would stand him in good stead in the present emergency.

He was wise enough to tell the truth, with certain reservations which hid nothing from the experienced eye of Robert Le Noir's lawyer, Mr. Moot. Ralph dwelt as strongly as he dared upon the fact that the money was entrusted to him with a discretionary power as to its use, but Mr. Moot shook his head at that, and Swinburne had to confess that as yet he had not invested it at all.

"That is what we feared," Mr. Moot said, "and though I am sorry for you, Mr. Swinburne, my instructions are peremptory, and unless the money is transferred to me in full at once, you will have to take the consequences, the very serious consequences."

Mr. Swinburne knew how serious they would be. The accusation, and the conviction which would inevitably follow, meant the loss of his professional status, a heavy fine, or perhaps imprisonment, and a dishonored name for ever.

"I have only been waiting for a favorable opportunity," he said, "and Mrs. Simpson had no reason for withdrawing her confidence from me. I have allowed her a liberal rate of interest."

"Too liberal for safety," was the dry rejoinder. "That, at least, is the opinion of the gentleman who has taken charge of Mrs. Simpson's affairs, and I should advise you to make the transfer without delay."

"If I could see this gentleman," Ralph said, clinging to a last desperate hope. "I might be able to satisfy him that my client's interests are quite safe in my hands."

"I am afraid not," Mr. Moot said. "If he were to speak to you—as he has spoken of you, you would find an interview anything but satisfactory or pleasant. Mr. Le Noir did not instruct me until he had fully satisfied himself that he was justified in doing so."

"Le Noir?" Ralph said, pale with dismay. Robert Le Noir, is that the man?"

"Yes, Mr. Swinburne. His name is Robert Le Noir. He returned from abroad recently and is now residing with Mrs. Simpson."

"Then God help me!" Swinburne said in his despair. "For that man is my bitterest enemy, and I am ruined."

He had no sooner made the admission than he saw its danger, and hastened to rectify his error.

"It will deprive me of my last dollar," he said; "and just when the use of the money for another week would be a fortune to me."

"If it does no worse than deprive you of your last dollar," Mr. Moot said, "you have very little cause for despondence. You are young, you have a fair share of the profits of a large practice, and if you keep steadily to your own profession, a bright and hopeful future lies before you; but do not tamper with that money again. I am certain that if it is not immediately forthcoming I shall be instructed to take proceedings, and I should have to do my duty. Even as it is, you have made some damaging admissions, but I would not willingly use them against you."

Ralph Swinburne thanked him almost humbly, being too broken in spirit to realize what he had done. He was not a man of nerve or resource; in the face of such a danger as beset him, his faculties were paralyzed, and he could only dwell upon the inexorable fact that he was to pay the penalty for his treachery to Robert Le Noir. Nemesis had overtaken him, and he was at the mercy of his enemy.

He went back to his office, and in the shelter of his sanctum wrote to a few men on whom he thought he could rely. He sent the letters by special messengers, pressing his clerks into his service for the occasion, and he waited in all the torture of a maddening anxiety for at least one favorable answer. The drawer in which his revolver lay had a dangerous fascination for him during this time of suspense. He looked at the weapon more than once, touched the long, cold barrel with a shudder of gloomy pleasure; for if the worst came, here was his refuge from the ruin that meant a prison and dishonor.

The worst did come. The replies were so nearly identical that they might have been dictated by the same hand, as they were by the same spirit, for the silent machinery which laid his secret transactions bare, exposed him to the gang who had made him their dupe and decoy. He had lost his money, he had not saved his good name; he was a failure, even as a rogue, and from such a man they turned with an oath of contempt and a smile of derision. They answered his letters politely enough, but in every instance the answer was an excuse or a refusal.

He was a marked man. Ralph Swinburne saw it before he left for home that afternoon. His credit was gone, and people were shy of him. Men who had been his boon companions yesterday were in a hurry when they met him now. They cut him in the stereotyped way

he knew so well, a hasty shake of the hand, a look at the watch, a muttered something about an appointment, and they were gone. He went home, friendless quite, except for the wife who loved him, and he did not speak of his trouble to her.

He went to business as usual in the morning, and later in the day Marah remembered how tenderly affectionate he had been, even for him. How he had turned back to kiss the baby girl, and carried the boy in his arms to the gate, where he lingered for a long time, and seemed reluctant to go. Mrs. Swinburne might not have thought of this, but in the afternoon the servant gave her mistress a letter which she had found on the table in her master's dressing-room. It was simply addressed: "Marah."

Some few times during their married life Ralph had left her an envelope inscribed in the same way; but then the contents had been a pleasant surprise, a fifty dollar bank note as an additional birthday gift; but Marah's instinct told her that this was no such thing. Her fingers trembled as she opened it, and her heart sank sick with horror at what she read. It was the story of his ruin, the confession of his treachery, and a dark suggestion of the dreadful end he contemplated:

"I shall know the worst by seven this evening," he wrote. "I shall either have retrieved my position, or place myself beyond the reach of my enemy. You will try to forgive me when I am gone, and remember that I always loved you, only you."

Deeply as it shocked her, this confession of his treachery to her, and his dishonest use of a client's trust money, she put every thought aside but the one of how to save him. It was now past four, and she had to travel quite a long distance before she could reach the down town district. Her unerring instinct told her what to do. The man who had brought him down so low was the man to save him. She knew where to find him, Ralph had mentioned incidentally that Le Noir had a place of business in Wall Street, and was prospering.

Mrs. Swinburne left her baby with the nurse, and took the boy with her. Why she did so Marah could not have explained; she may have had a blind hope that he might serve in some sort as a peace-maker, or that the sight of him would turn Ralph from his desperate purpose.

It was a quarter after six before she reached Mr. Le Noir's office. She asked if he was in. Had the clerk told her he was gone, Marah felt that she must have dropped dead, but Robert had been delayed beyond his usual time, and he was there.

"A lady to see me, on urgent business?" he said. "Let her come in at once."

In the midst of his conjecture the door was thrown wide open for her, and closed again, leaving her inside. While her name was on his lips, he saw that she swayed, and he caught her as she was falling. He heard her say;

"Save him, Robert; forgive him for my sake!" And she had fainted in his arms. And this, after six years, was how they met.

He placed her in a large arm-chair, spoke a few kind words to the frightened child, and took the crumpled letter from her tightly clenched hand.

"Heaven forgive me!" he said. "I did not think of this."

Her faintness soon passed away. He bathed her pallid face, gave her a little brandy, and was kneeling by her side, reading the letter when she began to recover.

There was no time for an explanation; they understood each other when he pressed her hand to his lips and kissed her boy.

"I am glad you came to me, Marah," he said. "I only hope it will not be too late for me to undo the mischief I have done. He wronged me, but you love him, and we must both forgive him."

He sent for a taxicab and went to Lincoln and Swinburne's office. Robert Le Noir had his rival's child on his knee all the way, and if he felt a pang of jealousy it was softened by the recollection of a promise given him by Bernece Simpson that morning. The quiet gladness of his soul at having won her first pure love left no room for envy or hatred. His only prayer was that he might be in time to save his enemy.

It was almost on the stroke of seven when he entered the office. He told Marah to remain in the outer room, and he went into the sanctum without waiting to be announced. It was as well he did not, for Ralph, startled by his sudden appearance, let something heavy fall to the floor behind him.

"You here?" he said bitterly. "Are you not satisfied with what you have done, but must you come to see the end of it?"

"I have come, I hope, to see the beginning of our new friendship, or a renewal of the old one," Robert said, holding out his hand. "Do not let that twenty-five thousand dollars or ten times that amount trouble you. I want to let the past bury its dead, Ralph, and be as we were six years ago."

The old gentle voice, the old frank and genial manner were too much for Ralph Swinburne, and he broke into tears with his face hidden on the broad shoulder of his friend. Robert would not hear a word of his self-reproach. He brought Marah in, and gave her husband to her; and picking up the now harmless weapon from the floor, put it away, and left them together. He went through the streets, tranquil and glad that in forgiving his enemy he had not lost the right to ask for mercy of Him who forgives all trespasses.

Washington, D. C.

DROSS

BY H. L. JOHNSTON

It had been thrown into a pile of rubbish, that big round ball of glittering brassiness.

It had caught the eye of Billy as he came in from feeding the hungry, bawling cattle on the farm of his employer, Sam Ellison.

Billy had only worked for Ellison for two weeks, but he was already beginning to think that of all task-masters, Sam Ellison was the worst. He seemed stingy, too, for all he would pay was fifty cents a day and board.

Sam Ellison had told Billy that fifty cents a day was good wages for a boy of fourteen. It was far more than Sam had received at that age.

Billy had come from Peoria, sent to Ellison's farm by his father to get him away from the Knoxville Avenue gang of youthful rowdies.

There had been other reasons, too, but the most important reason of any, was the fact that Billy's stern and busy father had found out that his only son was losing a sterling quality—honesty.

Billy's father had talked to him kindly, explaining that things possessed dishonestly never did a fellow any good. They merely turned to dross right in your hands. But Billy, not knowing what his father meant had considered himself a very badly abused young man. He figured he had done no more than the rest of the gang had done. The other boys had not been sent to a muddy ill-smelling cow ranch to slave their lives away. Billy was very much disgruntled with his father and the world at large.

At first this life on the farm, being a novelty to Billy, city bred as he was, had held a slight fascination, speedily dispelled when he found himself routed out at four in the morning to start what he called a hard day's work. As the days passed it became a settled conviction that Sam Ellison had been born without a heart.

As Billy sat with Ellison and his wife at supper he heard his employer say: "I sold a lot of junk to the rag man this afternoon. He gave me sixty cents a pound for old brass."

Billy's ears pricked up as he thought of that ball of brass he had found hidden in the rubbish pile. A scheme was beginning to form in his fertile brain. A scheme by which he could even up with Sam Ellison for paying him fifty cents a day.

The next day, when Billy passed the rubbish pile he looked slyly around. There was not a soul in sight. He walked over and picked the ball up. It was very heavy; ten pounds or over. He made a laborious mental calculation and at last whistled in astonishment.

"Phew! Just think of it! Maybe six dollars worth of brass

in that ball, and old skinflint doesn't know it is here." Glancing about with furtive eyes, Billy kicked more rubbish over his treasure and then went to his stock feeding.

"I'll show old Ellison to pay me fifty cents a day and then try to get a man's work out of me—the old miser. That six dollars will just about make up for what I'm worth," he muttered to himself as he chopped the corn for the cattle.

Billy's mind was made up by supper time that night.

He was going to steal the brass ball and quit Sam Ellison flat. With the money due for wages and the six dollars for the brass he would steal onto one of the big river steamers and start out on a great adventure.

It would never do for him to show up around his home. His father would only send him back to his taskmaster. No, he would keep away from his father. He knew a junk dealer on Washington street who would be glad to traffic with him for the brass.

Accordingly, that night after supper he stole out to the pile of rubbish, put the ball in a gunny sack and hid it under a culvert a mile from the house.

At the breakfast table the next morning he said:

"I'm quitting you, Mister Ellison."

"What for?"

"Work too hard."

"Oh, you'll get used to that. I was that way when I first started."

"Fifty cents a day isn't enough money."

"Why! That's fifteen dollars a month," said Ellison, "A boy your age should be tickled to get that much. I only got thirty a month after I was a grown man."

"I don't care, I'm going to quit," replied Billy sulkily.

"I want my wages. I've got seven dollars coming."

Ellison laughed. "When your Daddy brought you up here, Billy, he thought you might want to do that. He told me not to give you a cent."

The boy's face fell and the food he was eating seemed to choke him.

"That's no way to do," he mumbled.

"Yes it is, Billy. He told me what was wrong with you and your gang. He's an old friend of mine, son. I promised him that I would help start a foundation for a real man for you. He doesn't want you to be a quitter. Your father never was a quitter, Billy. Tell me now, is the work too hard?"

"Yes it is. Working from four in the morning until dark is too much for anybody."

"Teddy Rothman is your age. He does more work than you do, Billy."

"Yes, but he's been on a farm all his life. That makes a difference."

"He'll grow up and be a man to be proud of, though, some day. Just as your Daddy wants you to be. When school starts you can go and get your fifty cents a day also."

"I hate this smelly old farm," said Billy, finishing his breakfast and going to the barn.

A little later Sam Ellison hitched up and drove to a far neighbor's. As soon as he had left, Billy slipped into his room and gathered up his few belongings and stole to the culvert.

It was but the work of a moment or two until Billy had pulled the bag with its treasure from under the culvert, swung it over his shoulder and started for Peoria, eighteen miles to the south.

As the hours passed, and the smoke of the big city seemed to creep toward him at a snail's pace, the ball of brass grew heavier and heavier. Soon, it seemed to his aching arms and shoulders that it weighed a ton. The time for resting was growing shorter and shorter between intervals, until it seemed as if he were resting most of the time and the pangs of hunger were adding to his bodily discomfort.

At one of his resting places he took a look at his treasure. "Six dollars!" he exclaimed, "wouldn't Sam Ellison have a fit, if he only knew?"

Throwing the heavy bag over his shoulder he plodded painfully onward. It was nearing six p. m. when Billy staggered into the junk shop of Isaac Silverstein. He dropped the load on the floor and dropped wearily upon a pile of old sacks. The proprietor came toward him, a questioning look in his eyes.

"Brass—in sack," said Billy, nearly too much all in to talk.

Silverstein rolled the ball out and placed it on his scales.

"Ten pounds," he said looking at the weight with near-sighted eyes.

"At sixty cents a pound," added Billy.

"Yes. Yes," said Silverstein adjusting his glasses and gazing hard at the ball, "for brass, but, this is not brass."

"What are you trying to hand me?" asked Billy, jumping up from the pile of sacks. He was a city boy. He would show this junk dealer that he couldn't play a trick on him.

Silverstein picked up a hatchet and hit the ball a mighty lick. It fell in half, and Billy gazed in sickening amazement as he saw merely a thin skin of brass filled with plaster of paris.

"Dross," said the Jew. "I pay nothing for dross. Where——"

But Billy was gone. He was now slowly and painfully retracing his way back to the farm of Sam Ellison. This time he would stay. He had found out, in a striking way, what his father meant by dross.

Tobar, Nevada

THE ANTIQUITY AND GENERALITY OF TITHING

BY E. CECIL MCGAVIN

Tithing is one of the most ancient laws given to the human race. Its application is as universal as any other law that has been revealed to man. Instances are mentioned in history of some nations who did not offer sacrifices; but in the annals of all time few if any are found who did not pay tithing.

Let us consider its universality and antiquity outside of Christendom.

One of the very striking proofs of the spread of the law of tithing, all over the ancient world, is found in this, that it has struck into the very roots of the languages of mankind. In the Latin we find *decumanus*, "of or belonging to the tenth part; meaning also the "tax consisting of one tenth." The feminine form, *decumana*, "the wife of a tithe payer." One of the gates of the Roman military camp was called the *Eecuman*, or Tithe Gate. If we carry our inquiry over into the Greek, we find the verb *dekato*, "to take a tenth of a person," *dekate*, "the tenth part." Likewise we have the word *dekateuo*, "to exact the tenth or tithe; to take the tenth part as an offering to the gods." Further we encounter the Greek word *dekateuterion*, "the tenth's office, custom house." In the Hebrew language we have the word *maaser*, "tithing;" and the verb *asar*, "to give a tenth." Thus we may say that so deeply was the notion of the sacred tenth ingrained in the ancient mind that the law of the ancient tithe has left its traces on all of the great languages.

Selden, in his work on *Tithes*, says that the Arabians, by law, required every merchant to offer a tenth of his frankincense to the priests for their God; and that the Phoenicians, following the example of Abraham, devoted a tenth of the spoils of war to holy uses. He says furthermore, that "the Carthaginians brought this custom from Tyre, to which city they sent their tithes regularly." Some historians say that the Carthaginians for a time, owing to the neglect of the tithe, felt the sting of continued misfortune, whereupon they remitted the tenth and were given deliverance and prosperity. Heathenism knew, as did the Hebrews, that the way to have the horn of plenty poured out was to pay regular tithes.

It was also customary for the Greeks to consecrate the tithe of their gains to the gods. Xenophon built a temple from tithe money, and continued to consecrate a tenth part of his gains to Apollo and Diana.

Clement of Alexandria says that before the making of images

was invented, there were at Delphi holy pillars on which the tithes offered by worshipers were hung.

Cimon, the Athenian general, five hundred years before Christ when he had defeated the Persians in battle, took one tenth of the spoils and dedicated them to his god.

Demosthenes, in his public address upon one occasion, used all the power of the silver tongue of a world orator of the ages to denounce as sacrilege the withholding from the gods of the tithes due them.

It is said that, being punished by a barren year for the neglect of the tithe, they removed the judgment by vowing one tenth of their profits to the gods.

In Egypt a tenth part of the cattle, slaves, and precious metals, was set apart for the service of the gods.

In *The Dawn of Civilization*, Maspero says, "The gods of the side which is victorious in war shared with it in the triumph and received a tithe of the spoil as a price of their help." This is said of a period fifteen hundred years before Moses.

China accepted the law of the tithe before the time of Moses. In the book, *Li Ki*, it is said, "A tenth of the year's expenditures was for sacrifice."

Sayce says that the Babylonians paid tithes on the produce of their land, and that tablets and documents have been found which register the payment of their tithes back to Sargon's time, or B. C., 3800.

In India, before the time of Enoch, a tithe was collected from the merchants and consecrated to the gods.

The law of tithing remains, today, one of the most sacred, as well as one of the most ancient, laws of God.

Provo, Utah

Often Tell Thy Love

Ever so tenderly oft let thy voice retell thy love!
 Tell it in the silence of evening solitude;
 In the vibrant, awakening light of morning;
 In the busy, throbbing, resonant noon-day;
 And again in the evening twilight hour,
 When the heart in the hush of coming night
 Hungers for love and for tones beloved,
 That shall be sweeter than the wind-harp's lingering melody,
 Dearer than jewels, greater than mansions;
 For joy is ever exultant
 In noble requited love!

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

LIFE'S VISIONS AND PURPOSES

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class, M. I. A., 1923-24

BY PRESIDENT EMERITUS GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, AND DEAN
HARRISON V. HOYT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Lesson XVI—The Church as a Miracle or Divine Gift to Man

A. Questions and Problems.

1. What is it that makes an event a miracle? 2. Show by explanation and illustrations that some events are only partly miraculous. 3. Wherein was Joseph Smith's first vision a miracle? 4. Give evidence that the Book of Mormon came to us through a series of miracles. 5. Prove that the Pearl of Great Price is a miraculous production. 6. Show that the Doctrine and Covenants is a compilation of miracles of knowledge. 7. Relate the miracles that restored (a) the Aaronic Priesthood, (b) the Melchizedek Priesthood, (c) the keys of the Gathering of Israel, (d) the keys of the sealing dispensation. 8. Show that the Church received its name by miracle or divine direction.

B. Topics from which Teacher may Choose one for Lecture.

1. The credibility of the Witnesses who declare the miraculous source of the Book of Mormon. See article by J. M. Sjodahl, *Improvement Era*, September 1923, p. 968. 2. The hand of Providence seen in the protection of the Church. (a) against the loss of identity by amalgamation, (b) against the loss of leadership authority. 3. The "Rock" upon which the Church is built.

C. Class Discussion.

D. Some Subject Matter to Aid in Answering Questions and Solving Problems.

A real miracle is an act or event in which the power of God interposes. There are many events that appear to be miracles which are not, because they are purely the results of common forces not understood. Such events may be called apparent miracles. The genuine miracle is the real power of God interposing to check up, stop, accelerate, or start, or complete something. This power never acts unnaturally, but it acts supernaturally or above and beyond what we know as nature.

Some events are partly miracles. A man is stricken with appendicitis, has kept the Word of Wisdom, his heart is unusually strong, his blood pure, and his will almost indomitable, he has faith in God, but is a believer in doing all that one can do for one's self and trusting in the Lord for the final outcome. The surgeons operate, they are divided in their opinion as to whether he will live or die. The Lord has promised this man's wife that her husband should not die. He recovered. One doctor said that the man's heart pulled him through; some people said it was his determination not to die that saved him; the man himself testifies that keeping the Word of Wisdom, having skilful surgeons, and his own clinging onto life were factors in the event which became a miracle by the Power of the Lord. To this power more than to anything else he owes his life.

A case is on record of a man in the Church losing the miraculous power of translation because he would not use the natural powers within his reach.

The first vision of Joseph Smith was a miracle of the first magnitude. Never before in the history of the world had the heavens been opened to view as they were on that occasion. The two members of the God-head

participated in the glorious event. It was more than a restoration, it was a revelation of something which had not been on the earth before, the presence of the Father and the Son in a state of perfection more advanced than was possible before the resurrection of Christ. It was an official procedure in which the Father of the Redeemer introduced His *Beloved Son*, a God, to the boy, as his instructor—there was no need of introducing the boy to Jesus. Joseph asked his Divine Teacher for information unobtainable from human sources, and got the answer that arrayed the world against him.. Thus the great miracle of knowledge was wrought, "the dawning of a brighter day."

Joseph Smith came into possession of the plates through the angel sent of God. The plates were translated by means of a miraculously prepared instrument obtained by the aid of the angel, or super-human messenger—a resurrected being.

The translation of the Book of Mormon was the most extended miracle of record, it occupied months. The authenticity of the Book of Mormon was given to the three witnesses in a way that made a miracle of the event. An authorized agent of God, a super-human being, presented the evidence. See testimony of the Three Witnesses.

The Pearl of Great Price came not by man's interpretative power. Joseph the Seer laid no claim to the ability to translate as a man. (See Book of Moses chapter 1.)

The Doctrine and Covenants is not the words of man telling what the Lord wants; it is for the more part the direct words of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Expressions, "Thus saith the Lord," and the use of the pronoun "I" mark the revelations as the personal communications of the Lord, thus making of the book a compilation of miracles.

That the authority in the Church came as miracles the record of the events makes plain. Divine super-human agencies participate on both occasions. See Doc. and Cov. 13 and 27:12.)

The key of the gathering of Israel was restored by Moses, and the keys of the sealing dispensation, by Elijah, in the Kirtland temple, making each of these events miracles. (Doc. and Cov. 110:15.)

The Church received its name through a miracle; it was named by Him who directed its organization. He pronounced the name by which it should be known. (See Doc. and Cov. 115:4.)

Whatever else the Church may be, it is first of all a miracle, a gift of God to man.

Lesson XVII—The Church as a Natural Growth

A. Questions and Problems:

Discuss the growth of the Church in each of the following directions:

1. Growth in Doctrine.
2. Growth in Publications.
3. Growth in Organizations.
4. Growth in Temple Building.
5. Growth in Missionary Work.
6. Growth Financially.
7. Growth in Education.
8. Growth in numbers.
9. Growth in Loyalty to Leaders.
10. Growth in Recognition by Prominent non-"Mormons."

B. Suggestive Theme for Teachers Discussion (15 minutes):

1. Church growth as evidence that we have builded wisely and well under Divine guidance.
2. Prognostications as to what the next fifty years will bring in the way of Church growth.

C. Class Discussion.—Particular function which the M. I. A. performs.

D. Subject Matter to Aid in Preparation of Questions:—

The wholesome growth of the Church in every department and activity

is one evidence of Divine guidance, and acts as a reminder of the well-known prediction that the gospel will never again be taken from the earth. The following material indicates the phenomenal growth of the Church from a humble yet noble beginning of six members, in 1830. The interacting of each department accelerates the work of the Lord. The splendid growth in every direction testifies to the strength of the foundation and wisdom of our directing "Living Oracles."

Growth in Doctrine.—One cannot help but marvel at the great amount of doctrine which the Latter-day Saints have brought forth. No phase of man's spiritual welfare is left unexplained or undirected. The Lord in his wisdom, has given us, through revelation, much fundamental material. Inspired leaders have ransacked theological history and made it readily available. Not to mention the contents of the Articles of Faith and the Pearl of Great Price, the Doctrine and Covenants itself has 136 sections, all revelations, or miracles of knowledge, pertaining to important phases of Church government and human conduct. All but the first 22 sections were given after the organization of the Church, April 6, 1830.

Growth of Publications.—In the latter part of the *Essentials of Church History*, by Joseph Fielding Smith, Church Historian, a list of some fifty different Church publication is given. These fifty publications include magazines published in fourteen different countries and islands of the seas. The standard publications of the Church have been translated into several different languages,—the Pearl of Great Price and the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants. The Book of Mormon has been translated into fifteen languages. This is illustrative of the extent that the Church publications are being distributed among Church members and the world at large.

Growth in Organization.—Growth in the number of organizations has taken place to keep pace with the changing social conditions and increase in membership of the Church. The Church now has 90 stakes, more than 900 wards, 61 independent branches connected with stakes, 24 missions, and 733 mission branches. The stakes are directed by the stake presidency and the high council. Each ward has the various Priesthood quorums and auxiliary organizations. These comprise a total of approximately eleven thousand different organizations, with a total of about fifty thousand officers.

Growth in Temple Building.—From the noble beginning at the dedication of the Kirtland temple, on March 27, 1836, and since the erection of the Nauvoo temple, the Church has erected and is operating the four temples in Utah, one in Canada, and one in the Hawaiian Islands. In addition to this, a temple is now being constructed at Mesa, Arizona. All of these palaces of peace, except the Nauvoo temple, are still standing, each one a monument of the faith, hope, and industry of the people who built them.

To take care of the great demand for temple work, it has been necessary in some of our temples to inaugurate two shifts each day and special evening sessions.

Growth of Missionary Work.—The fact that we are giving millions of dollars annually in money and work to the missionary cause indicates the Church's growth in missionary work. The Church at the present time is spending out of its tithing receipts, large sums of money for the maintenance and operation of its various missions. During 1922 there were 1,775 missionaries in the field. In addition to the amount the Church expends for the operation of missions, the personal gratuitous expenses of the missionaries, including their time reaches millions of dollars annually. The yearly sum which the "Mormon" people are thus paying out is stupendous. This testifies to the blessings of the Lord and the importance which the Latter-day Saints attach to missionary work. See statistical report in *General Conference Report*, April 1923.

We have in the Conference Report for April 1923, pp. 2-4, a suggestion of the expenditure of the Church from which may be inferred the financial

growth which has taken place in the space of seventy years. Aside from the industry and frugality, sacrifices and loyalty on the part of Church members which these expenditures indicate, they also strongly denote the presence of Divine help.

Growth in Education.—Recognizing knowledge as a factor of salvation, the Latter-day Saints have been among the leaders in secular as well as spiritual education. It is of special interest to note that the abstract of the 1920 Census of the United States shows that Utah has a larger percentage of children between the ages of seven and twenty-one attending school than any other state in the Union.

From a speech by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, Latter-day Saint Church School Commissioner, made at the April Conference, 1923, published in the *Era*, June, 1923, page 744, the following is quoted:

"We have in this Church 8.6 young people attending college out of every thousand members of the Church; whereas, in the whole United States there are only 4.9 per thousand of population attending college. In this Church we have nearly twice as many college students per capita as in the country at large.

"I was interested also in the high school figures. There are 60.6 individuals per thousand attending high school in this Church; whereas, in the United States as a whole, there are only 20.8. That is, nearly three times as many young people are attending high school in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as are attending high school, on the average, in this great land of ours.

"In the elementary schools, the difference is not so great, for in our Church there are 223.3 students out of each thousand of membership, attending the elementary schools, as against 204 in the country at large."

We read in the Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 97, a revelation given to Joseph Smith in reference to a school in Zion. With this as a beginning, the Church has always fostered and promoted educational institutions.

At the present time the youth of Zion are afforded a religious training through a well-organized seminary system operated as a spiritual supplement to intellectual culture. In New Zealand the Church maintains an Agricultural College. With the view of giving the youth of Zion a training in leadership, both spiritual and scholastic, the Church maintains six Junior colleges, 39 seminaries, and a University.

Growth in Numbers.—The growth of the various departments of the Church has met the demands of the increasing membership which now stands in the vicinity of 500,000 consisting of one of the most cosmopolitan church populations in existence.

Growth in Loyalty to Leaders.—By comparing the dissensions and apostasy, during the early history of the Church, with the united front which the Church presents after nearly one hundred years of history, we have an unmistakable evidence of an increase of universal confidence in the loyal support of our Church leaders.

Growth in Recognition by the World.—As the Church has grown in numbers its enemies have become fewer. Before its light the darkness of misunderstanding has fled, and before its warmth the mountains of prejudice have melted away. It is conquering the world without captives. It has grown to be a "City on a hill."

References: August and September issues of the *Improvement Era*, for 1923, include comprehensive articles on the Church School System by Dr. John A. Widtsoe. *Brief History of the Church*, Edward H. Anderson; *One Hundred Years of Mormonism*, by John Henry Evans. *Essentials of Church History*, by Joseph Fielding Smith.

Lesson XVIII—The Church as a Protector

A. Questions and Problems for Members.

1. In what specific way does the Church offer health protection? 2. How does the Church protect its members from financial failure? Give examples. 3. Wherein does the Church protect the individual agency of its members? 4. Show that the Church protects its members against autocratic exercise of authority. 5. What protection against narrow-mindedness is offered by the Church? 6. What doctrinal provisions are made by the Church to guard against greed? 7. What special protection does the Church offer for personal purity?

B. Suggested Themes from Which the Teacher may Choose one for a Talk.

1. Safety—one of the greatest factors of happiness. 2. Protection and progress constitute eternal life. 3. Our Church-fellowship as a protection against committing sin.

C. Class Discussion Germane to the Lesson.

D. Some Subject Matter.

In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints constant teachings are carried on in favor of temperance, and the privilege of leadership. It is the policy to withhold from persons who will not "keep the Word of Wisdom," by refraining from the use of "strong drinks," Church leadership. The traditioning of children against the use of narcotics, stimulants, and the excessive use of meat is not only parental duty but it is an institutional obligation, and finds expression in the Church literature. Strong is the health protecting power of the Sunday School child song:

"That the children may live long, and be beautiful and strong—

Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise.

Drink no liquor and they eat but a very little meat.

They are seeking to be great, and good, and wise."

The Church is a protector of health by sermon, by song, and by selective standards of preference.

The Church teaches thrift; it denounces idleness. "The idler shall not have place in the Church." (Doc. and Cov. 75:29).

The Church counsels against debt (Doc. and Cov. 64:27). The leaders of the Church are constantly warning against bondage. "Get out of debt, and keep out" is a slogan of long Church-standing. Giving heed to the doctrine of counsel invariably saves Church-members from financial reverses.

The Church is founded on the principle of free agency—next to life comes liberty. Doing things by common consent is a prevailing practice in the Church. It is the application of a divine declaration: "Let all things be done by common consent" "And all things shall be done by common consent in the Church." (Doc. and Cov. 26:2).

The Church protects its members against autocratic exercise of authority by pronouncing against any selfish exercise of power. (Doc. and Cov. 121:41-42).

The Church protects against a narrow-mindedness by making eternal progress one of its fundamental doctrines and by declaring that the glory of God is intelligence and that espoused ignorance and salvation are absolutely incompatible. (Doc. and Cov. 93:36; 131:6). It emphasizes the *eternal* value of educational acquirements. (Doc. and Cov. 130:19).

The Church protects both rich and poor from the growth of greed in their hearts by holding to the divine warning recorded in Doctrine and Covenants 56:16-17.

Next to life itself, the Church values purity of life. Unchastity is classed as a sin entailing upon the transgressors disastrous consequences. From the Church point of view fallen man is as undesirable as fallen woman, and neither can regain standing except through sore repentance.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Choristers' Manual—Lesson V—Notation (Continued)

BY EDWARD P. KIMBALL.

Note: The recommendation is made again here that where possible a capable and trained musician, one who is able to give an authoritative explanation and treatment of this lesson, be secured to take charge of the class, in instances where the chorister is not able to so do the work.

(This lesson is based on Gehrken's *Music Notation and Terminology*).

1. *Embellishments.* (Ornamental tones, either represented in full, in the printed score, or indicated by certain signs):

1. Trill (or shake) a. How to play when the sign "tr" is given. b. How to play when the principal note is preceded by a grace note. c. the perfect trill, (in all music since Haydn, except when asked for by the composer for special reason or effect) finishing with turn. d. The imperfect trill, (in all music preceding Haydn, in Bach and Handel for example) finishing without turn.

2. The Mordent. Its rhythmic value.

3. The Double or Long Mordent.

4. The Inverted Mordent.

5. The Turn. a. Over the note. b. Following the notes. c. In slow tempo. d. In fast tempo. e. Accidentals above or below, or both above and below, the sign for the turn.

6. The Inverted Turn (rare).

7. The Appoggiatura (grace note). a. Long appoggiatura (note how written. b. Short appoggiatura (note how written). c. Importance in the classics. d. The acciaccatura (unaccented grace note).

One authority has said that one's music knowledge may be judged more easily from the manner of playing embellishments than from almost anything else. The subject should not be passed until thoroughly understood.

II. *Scales.* The scale is the foundation of music, and a knowledge of scales is indispensable to reading, intonation, etc. Too much time need not be spent on the subject, but the difference between major and minor scales must be understood.

1. Definition.

2. How Formed? a. Derivation of key signature. b. Meaning of word "key."

3. Major Scale. a. Distance of tones apart. b. Key signature resulting.

4. Minor Scale. a. Meaning of term "relative." b. How formed. c. Distance of tones apart. d. Use of "b" sharp and "e" sharp. e. Use of double sharps.

5. Introduction of Accidentals into a Piece. (Usually means that key [scale] has changed for the time being. Reading becomes simplified if new scale is determined. This is important.)

6. Chromatic Scales. a. Same in all keys. b. Proper way of writing in ascending and descending.

7. Whole-tone Scale. (Rare, but should be understood, so that persons will not think music has been erroneously written and will attempt corrections to make it agree with major or minor scales as understood).

III. *Measure.* 1. Definition. 2. Time signatures, definition. 3. simple and compound time. 4. Duple and triple rhythm. 5. Time versus rhythm (discussion of the difference, illustrating by application of directions, 3 and 4 under "Measure" Important!)

IV. *Tempo*. 1. Definition. 2. Finding correct tempo. 3. Tempo terms.

V. *Dynamics*... 1. Terms relating to.

VI. *Terms Relating to Vocal Music*: 1. Anthem. 2. Acapella. 3. Motet. 4. Choral. 5. M-ss. 6. Cantata. 7. Oratorio. 8. Opera. 9. Libretto. 10. Recitative. 11. Aria. 12. Lied. 13. Ballad. 14. Folk song. 15. Madrigal. 16. Glee. 17. Part-song.

Note: There is much more concerning notation than is contained in these two lessons, but much of it can and will be treated in greater detail in subsequent lessons, because of its application to subjects that are to be considered.

Borglum's Memorials

One of the greatest pieces of work perfected by the famous sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, is the Lincoln Memorial in the grounds of the Newark,



Borglum's Lincoln Statue, N. J.

N. J., courthouse. This wonderful figure of Lincoln in bronze, is said to be a perfect physical likeness, and radiates something of the grand and

noble simplicity and friendliness of the martyred President. As the picture shows, and as was the nature of the man, the artist has made this memorial accessible to any who may care to come. Standing beside Lincoln's figure, to show the comparative size, is one of our young missionaries who reports that almost at any time children may be seen playing about the statue, and admiring the kindly face of the great patriot, friend, and liberator.

Fifty-six years ago the artist was born on the shores of Bear Lake, in Idaho, in the shadow of the beautiful Wasatch mountains, amid rugged scenes, wild Indians and horses, and surroundings that brought out all his sense of drama, independence and courage. He has had a wonderful and fascinating career in the United States and in Europe, and among his works of world-wide fame, besides the above named memorial, are an enormous bust of Lincoln in the Capitol at Washington, and the Twelve Apostles in the Cathedral of St. John, the Divine, New York. Other noted art works, are the marble figures, "Conception," and "Wonderment of Motherhood," "The Wooing of the Centaurs;" General Sheridan on horseback; the seated figure of Ruskin; two mounted Indians called "The Pursued," etc. For the past eight years he has been engaged in what is called the "most extensive sculptural undertaking in the history of the world,"—the carving of a Confederate Memorial on Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Georgia, a solid granite monolith seven miles in circumference at its base, with a surface of rock, uncracked and perfect, 5000 feet wide. There will be 2000 figures in relief carved in the solid sides of the mountain, and the central group of General Lee and six or more leaders of the Lost Cause, will be as high as a sixteen story building. "A horse's head, in this central group will measure 50 feet from ear to nostrils, and the nostrils will be seven feet in diameter." An account of Borglum, and his gigantic project, behind which stands the Stone Mountain Monumental Association and the southern people, is found in the January, 1924, *American Magazine*, New York.—A

The Boy Scouts

Oh, boy band, oh, joy band,
March on and blaze the trail,
For in your great endeavor, boys,
There's no such word as fail.

Oh, boy band, oh, joy band,
Life's path is rough and long,
But stem the tide, and forge ahead
With happy shout and song.

Oh, boy band, oh, joy band,
Fame's mountains all are steep,
And while you struggle to the top,
A stalwart purpose keep.

Oh, boy band, oh, joy band,
Your laws are heaven's laws:
When living by your noble code,
Who could on sin's brink pause?

Oh, boy band, oh, joy band,
Press forward heart and soul,
Climb on and on, for on the heights
Awaits your sought-for goal.

Ogden, Utah.

IVY HOUTZ WOOLLEY.

Editors' Table

Bok's American Peace Award

The winning plan for this award was released for publication early in January, and in brief, is as follows:

I. That the United States shall immediately enter the Permanent Court of International Justice, under the conditions stated by Secretary Hughes and President Harding, in February, 1923.

II. That without becoming a member of the League of Nations as at present constituted, the United States shall offer to extend its present co-operation with the League and participate in the work of the League *as a body of mutual counsel* under conditions which

1. Substitute moral force and public opinion for the military and economic force originally implied in Articles X and XVI.

2. Safeguard the Monroe Doctrine.

3. Accept the fact that the United States will assume no obligations under the Treaty of Versailles except by Act of Congress.

4. Propose that membership in the League should be opened to all nations.

5. Provide for the continuing development of international law.

This plan is now submitted to the American people to be voted upon. The name of the author has not yet been divulged. It will be remembered that \$100,000 was offered to the person who should submit the "best practicable plan for the establishment and maintenance of international peace," as above stated. This brief summary as well as the extended plan printed in the daily papers of January 7, is remarkable, in our opinion, chiefly for the utter absence from it of any new and original suggestion whatever. The awarding jury has worked diligently for months on a total of 22,165 communications, besides in the neighborhood of 100,000 suggestions by letter, and have finally chosen one that appears to us to leave the entire question in chaos, or about the same uncertainty in which it has rested heretofore.

To us it seems very clear that the entire wisdom of the world is not sufficient to build up the kingdom of the Prince of Peace. Undoubtedly peace will come, but evidently, not through the wisdom of the world, but rather through the proclamation and adoption of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which, though counted, it may be, as foolishness by the world, is the power of salvation from war as well as from all other evils, because it eliminates selfishness and establishes love of God, neighbor, and fellowmen. In the meantime, the effort of Mr. Edward Bok to make the people think in a practical way about the means to bring God's family of nations together is commendable.

The people of the nation, including the readers of the *Era*, are

invited to vote "Yes" or "No" on the proposition. Our readers may use the blank in the advertising pages of the *Improvement Era* for February, in expressing their opinion which, by the way, we trust, will be well seasoned with a reasonable understanding of the problems involved before the vote is cast. The vote should be sent to the American Peace Award, 342 Madison Avenue, New York City, where, it is also stated, expressions of fuller opinions are welcomed.—A.

The Reclamation of Palestine

According to magazine articles and newspaper advices great activity is being carried on in the Holy Land where engineers are establishing power stations on the Jordan with a web of transmission lines from Dan to Beersheba, and from the Mediterranean to the eastern edge of the Jordan valley, to serve a coming prosperous Palestine with electric light and power. A great dam is being built that will make a natural reservoir of Lake Tiberias, or Gennesaret, or the Sea of Galilee, where Peter cast his fishing nets. The first electric power station was recently finished at Jaffa (Joppa) northwest of Jerusalem, on the Mediterranean. Similar plants are nearing completion at Haifa, east of Tiberias, and in Jerusalem, the Holy City. These plants are expected to supply electric current for municipal, industrial, agricultural and domestic purposes, and also, it is designed, will operate an electric railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The river Jordan power and irrigation project, now being constructed in the valley of the Jordan, it is intended, will harness the power of that river, and in less than four years will be completed, generating one-half million horsepower, at a cost of \$5,000,000. Ultimately over twenty times that amount will be required for the contemplated developments. Recently the Duke of Sutherland, in a debate before the British House of Lords, called it "the most substantial contribution so far made by Judaism to the restoration of prosperity to Palestine."

The introduction of these modern methods will be revolutionary, because the civilization of Palestine has changed but very little since Biblical days. Wooden plows, water wheel irrigation, donkey transportation, carrying of water in hide sacks from streams and old wells, are still in vogue. With electricity available, the swamps drained, and the fertile land of the valleys irrigated by modern methods, the neglect of centuries will likely be repaired in a comparatively short time.

Electricity can thus be cheaply provided, so that each home may have it for use, and with a modern industrial awakening, with irrigation as introduced and practiced by Ephraim and Manasseh of western America, with agricultural implements of the United States, and the construction of modern machinery, effective aid will be

rendered to better the condition of life in the Holy Land. These developments of Palestine are being conducted by Pinhas Rutenberg, civil engineer, under the licenses granted by the British Government. He has prepared the plans, after much investigation and study of local conditions, and has received concessions from the British Government, and obtained the financial assistance of Baron Edmond de Rothschild. These concessions are said to have been taken over, under a deed of trust, by the Palestine Development Council of New York. These contemplated developments cover the whole of Palestine from north to south, and will keep pace with the upbuilding of the country.

The power plant is located about eight miles from Jordan's outlet from Lake Tiberias where a dam, similar to the Roosevelt dam in Arizona, is being built. This will make Lake Tiberias a great natural storage reservoir to contain about ten billion cubic feet of water available for irrigation and power. Canals will be dug, it is said, on both sides of the Jordan, paralleling its course, to carry water to 650,000 acres of arid lands. Water for power, after passing through the turbines, will be returned to its course in the Jordan after generating a 666,000 volt system for Haifa, Jaffa and Jerusalem. The rain fall in Palestine is about twenty-five inches and occurs principally during two months in winter. Lake Merom is located about nine miles north and above Lake Tiberias with a fall of the Jordan of about 600 feet. It is here that an ideal situation is offered for power development which will undoubtedly be taken advantage of in the future. The fall of the Jordan from Lake Tiberias to the Dead Sea is about 690 feet.

The first power plant has been erected below Lake Tiberias and the present flow of water in the Jordan at Lake Tiberias ranges from about one hundred to six hundred cubic feet a second. This flow will be increased by storage, to a regular flow of about three hundred cubic feet a second. While this is small compared with projects in America, it is adequate to serve Palestine and to develop a garden of the present desert, one-sixth the size of England.

These projects are very important as preliminary developments of the Holy Land, but ultimately, it is estimated that over \$100,000,000 will be spent in the restoration of Palestine. Power stations, a veritable net of irrigation canals, electric railways, dams, houses, manufacturing plants, wharves on the Mediterranean, ware houses, drainage of the marshes, etc., are already planned and wait the adjustment of the population to the new order that will soon be ushered in by the operation of a power station on the Jordan and the reclamation of the waste lands of the valley. However these projects may turn out, many are viewing them as a first step toward the realization of re-establishing Palestine as a fatherland of the Jews, a dream that has survived the centuries.

The contemplated reclamation of Palestine, the home of ancient

Israel, may well be heralded as a further fulfilment of Old Testament prophecies. We indeed behold in these preparations and activities for the redemption of that land, the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecies of the holy prophets:

"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in." (Isaiah 58:12).

He hath sent me to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, * * * to comfort all that mourn, * * * to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. * * * And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations." (Isaiah 61:2-4).

And again, Ezekiel's prophecies wherein he says: "Thus saith the Lord: * * * O mountains of Israel, ye shall shoot forth your branches and yield your fruit to my people of Israel; for they are at hand to come.

"For I will take you from among the heathen and gather you out of all countries and bring you into your own land. * * *

"And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.

"Thus saith the Lord God, * * * I will also cause you to dwell in the cities, and the wastes shall be builded.

"And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by.

"And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden; and the waste and desolate and ruined cities are become fenced, and inhabited. * * *

"So shall the waste cities be filled with flocks of men, and they shall know that I am the Lord."

Scores of other prophetic utterances are familiar to all Bible readers concerning the restoration of that land, and many are living who will doubtless witness the literal fulfilment of Isaiah's words in the anthem we have sung for so many years:

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion:
He will comfort all her waste places;
And he will make her wilderness like Eden,
And her desert like the garden of the Lord;
Joy and gladness shall be found therein,
Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."—A.

Greetings

President Charles W. Penrose, hale and hearty, and in full force of ripe manhood, enters upon his 93rd year on February 4, 1924. He was born at Camberwell, London, England, February 4, 1832, joined the Church May 14, 1850, and on January 19, 1851, he was ordained an Elder, and two months later entered the mission field where with much success he rendered gratuitous labor for over a decade. In 1861, he was released and after several months' toilsome journey

arrived in Salt Lake City, and settled in Farmington. In the meantime, on January 21, 1855, he married Lucetta Stratford. He has been a beloved leader of the valiant type among the people of Utah and the West for sixty-three years, and the tens of thousands of his friends gladly extend to him their love and good will, with heartfelt prayers for his continued health and happiness, in all of which the *Improvement Era* heartily joins.

The M. I. A. Slogan, 1922-23.

We here acclaim that sincere document,
 The slogan, this year, of the M. I. A..
 These simple words: "We stand for a pure life,
 Through clean thoughts, ever backed by noble acts."
 That legend: that the devil has to do
 With all the good things, is an evil lie,
 Concocted by the enemies of right;
 Or that the chaste and pure must lead a life
 Of dull asceticism—is not true.

There is no sweeter pleasure, in this world,
 Than that which comes to him who bides his time,
 And, in the hour of triumph over sin,
 Reaps the reward of virtue. He is king
 Who, having strong desires, can ever be
 Courageous in temptation. Strength he has
 And power will be added unto him.

"Oh, but," I fancy you are whispering,
 "The romance is all gone. If we should lead
 The life you recommend, we should be dubs."
 The romance that is born of chivalry
 Surpasses, leagues and leagues, the kind that springs
 From low desires. The strength of being clean,
 And whole, and well, and free from any blame;
 This, and the confidence of some pure girl,
 Is such a romance as the gods would wish.

Adventure, did you say? How can we fail
 To see how action, life, and manly brawn
 Are needed in defense of womankind?
 There never was, nor e'er will be again,
 A time such as this present furious age,
 When all men should be pure as well as strong.

O, that this generation may surpass
 Its predecessors, if an acid test
 Should needs be made, and purity of life
 Be placed upon the balance! We are safe,
 If every man will think clean, wholesome thoughts
 And keep himself above vain, self-reproach.

JAMES H. MOORE.

Priesthood Quorums

Programs for Priesthood Conventions

The First Presidency have issued the following notice in regard to these conventions:

Official Notice of the First Presidency Calling Priesthood Conventions

Salt Lake City, Utah,
December 26, 1923.

We desire that the Priesthood Quorums and Priesthood activities shall receive especial attention during the Stake Quarterly Conferences, to be held in January, February and March, 1924. We recommend, therefore, that the Presidencies of stakes set aside the first day of the Quarterly Conferences for the consideration of work pertaining to the Melchizedek and the Aaronic Priesthoods; and in the case of stakes holding a one-day conference only, that arrangements be made to carry out the Priesthood Convention Program in special meetings appointed for that purpose, if necessary before or after the conference day.

Where deemed advisable, arrangements may be made for separate meetings for the sisters, to be held while the Priesthood Convention meetings are in session.

The program of procedure for the Priesthood Conventions has been prepared by the Council of the Twelve, with our full concurrence.

HEBER J. GRANT
CHARLES W. PENROSE
ANTHONY W. IVINS.

First Presidency, Church of Jesus
Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Presidents of stakes, their counselors, bishops, and their counselors and the presidencies, class teachers and members of all the Priesthood Quorums are requested to take part in the conventions which will be held in connection with the regular quarterly conferences yet to be held as follows:

- February 2-3—Jordan, Emery, Gunnison, Lethbridge, Millard, South Sanpete, Snowflake, San Luis.
February 9-10—Big Horn, Cottonwood,* Juab, Juarez, Los Angeles, Maricopa, North Davis, Ogden,* Oneida.
February 16-17—Bannock, Blackfoot, Blaine, Malad, Shelley, St. Joseph, South Sevier, Teton, Wayne.
February 23-24—Bingham, Burley, Garfield, Granite,* Idaho, Nebo, Pocatello, San Juan.
March 1-2—Bear Lake, Bear River, Boise, Franklin, Moapa, Oquirrh, Panguitch, Portneuf, Rigby,
March 8-9—Box Elder, Cache, Kanab, Morgan, Montpelier, North Weber,* Salt Lake,* Twin Falls, Young.
March 15-16—Duchesne, North Sanpete, Mt. Ogden,* Parowan, Roosevelt, Sevier, Star Valley, St. George, Union.
March 22-23—Ensign,* Carbon, Deseret, Fremont, South Davis, Uintah,

*Conference appointed for Sunday only.

Where one-day conventions are held it is suggested that the following schedule of meetings be provided for Saturday evenings:

Saturday 4 to 5:30 p. m.—Consultation of the visiting member of the General Authorities with the President of the Stake and his Counselors.

Saturday 6:30 to 8 p. m.—Meeting of visiting member of the General Authorities with the President of the Stake and his Counselors. High Council including Alternate Members, Stake Clerk, Ward Bishops and Counselors, and Ward Clerks.

Saturday 8 p. m.—Meeting of all quorum officers and members.

8:00 to 8:35 p. m.—General Assembly of Priesthood.

8:40 to 10:30 p. m.—Department Session.

Where two-day conventions are held the above named meetings will take place on Saturday at 9:30 to 10:25 a. m.; 10:30 to 12 noon; 2:00 to 2:45 p. m., a general assembly of the Priesthood; and 2:50 to 4:15, department session. Among the subjects for discussion at these Saturday meetings are: "Essentials of leadership," by a visiting member of the General Authorities, with a round-table discussion: "Priesthood, the perfect plan of service," also by the visiting member. The congregation will then separate into departments.

In the department meeting, for consideration of the deacons, and their class leaders, two subjects will be treated, "Organization of quorum and method of individual study," and "The special calling of a deacon." In the second department which is for the benefit of all holding the Priesthood, except the deacons, and which department will be conducted by the visiting member of the General Authorities, the main topic is "Ward Teaching," and consists of a demonstration to be presented by two brethren selected by the Stake Presidency. This demonstration is intended to afford opportunity for a practical presentation of procedure in good ward teaching. Those giving the demonstration are at liberty, if they so desire, to select members of the quorum to represent a family to be visited. In so doing, it is thought that the vital purposes of ward teaching may be clearly and forcefully brought out. An open discussion will follow on the demonstration and topic, conducted under direction of the visiting member of the General Authorities.

On Sunday, meetings will be held at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. The 10 o'clock meeting is to be devoted especially to a Priesthood program, in which the following subjects are to be discussed: "My conception of an elder's calling," "How can a priest best qualify for the duties of his office?" "What are the particular duties of a teacher and how may he best discharge them?" "How may a deacon help the ward and its organization?" These subjects to be treated by members of the local Melchizedek and Aaronic Priesthoods, selected by the presidents of stakes.

"Responsibility of the Priesthood to the Church and the world," is to be treated by a member of the General Authorities. Besides these topics, the Seventies' Quorums are requested to provide a male chorus; also a male chorus to be provided by one or more teachers or priests' quorums of the stake, and by one or more deacons' quorums of the stake, and a closing song is required by a male chorus of one or more elders' quorums of the stake. The cooperation of the presidencies and the various quorums should make of this convention a most interesting and valuable gathering.

The Aaronic Priesthood, Study, 1924

The presiding Bishopric have issued the following instructions on the subject:

The course of study for the Aaronic Priesthood quorums is now on sale at the Deseret Book Store. The priests will study the lessons prepared for the Melchizedek priesthood. The subject is *The New Testament*. The course of study for the teachers will be Elder Joseph B. Keeler's *First Steps*

in Church Government. The course of study for the deacons is *Duty Stories*.

The attention of bishops and class leaders is called to the arrangement of the course of study for the teachers and deacons. No outline has been prepared for these lessons. It is expected that those in charge of the quorums and classes will assign as much of the text as in their judgment can be profitably handled by the quorum or class. The reason for not preparing outlines for the lessons is that young men and boys may have an opportunity to develop their own.

In the teachers course of study, there is, in nearly every chapter, sufficient material for a number of lessons, and the lessons should be divided by the teacher according to his good judgment. In assigning the deacons' lessons, it is desired that one story only be discussed at each meeting. Fast-day Sunday should be left for review, testimony bearing, and such other exercises as may be provided by the class leaders.

ORB OF DAY

Hail! orb of day, about to fly
Through the red margin of the sky,
Before whose omnipresent light
The queen and kingdom of the night
Grow pale and tremble out of sight;
No skeptic tongue can quite conceal
The hidden truth that you reveal,
"Forever singing as you shine
'The hand that made us is divine.' "

But say, proud monarch of the sky,
No further facts do you supply.
Beyond the one great truth revealed
Your lips to humankind are sealed.
You tell us nothing of the source
That holds you in your ancient course;
You drop no key from out the sky
To answer whither, whence, or why?
You bear no message unto man
Of God's wide purposes and plan,
No story of the hidden shore
Of life beyond, or life before.

If on your tale the world must wait,
We still must doubt and speculate,
And, while you circumscribe the skies,
Still wonder and philosophize.
And so, thou wond'rous king of light,
And, thou, fair empress of the night,
Since these great truths are lost to men
And you reveal them not again,
Despite your evidence herewith
The world had need of Joseph Smith—
The world emerging from the night
Into the promised dawn of light.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

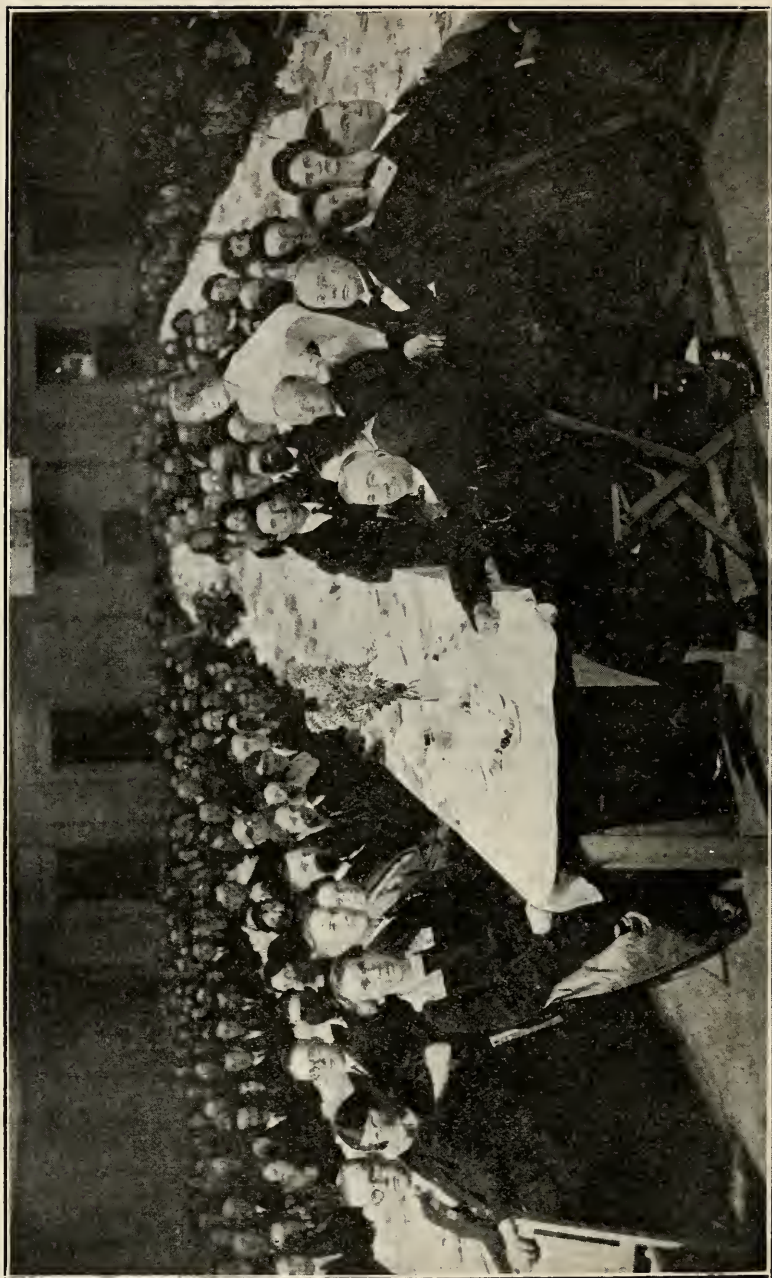
Mutual Work

Leadership Schools for Recreation

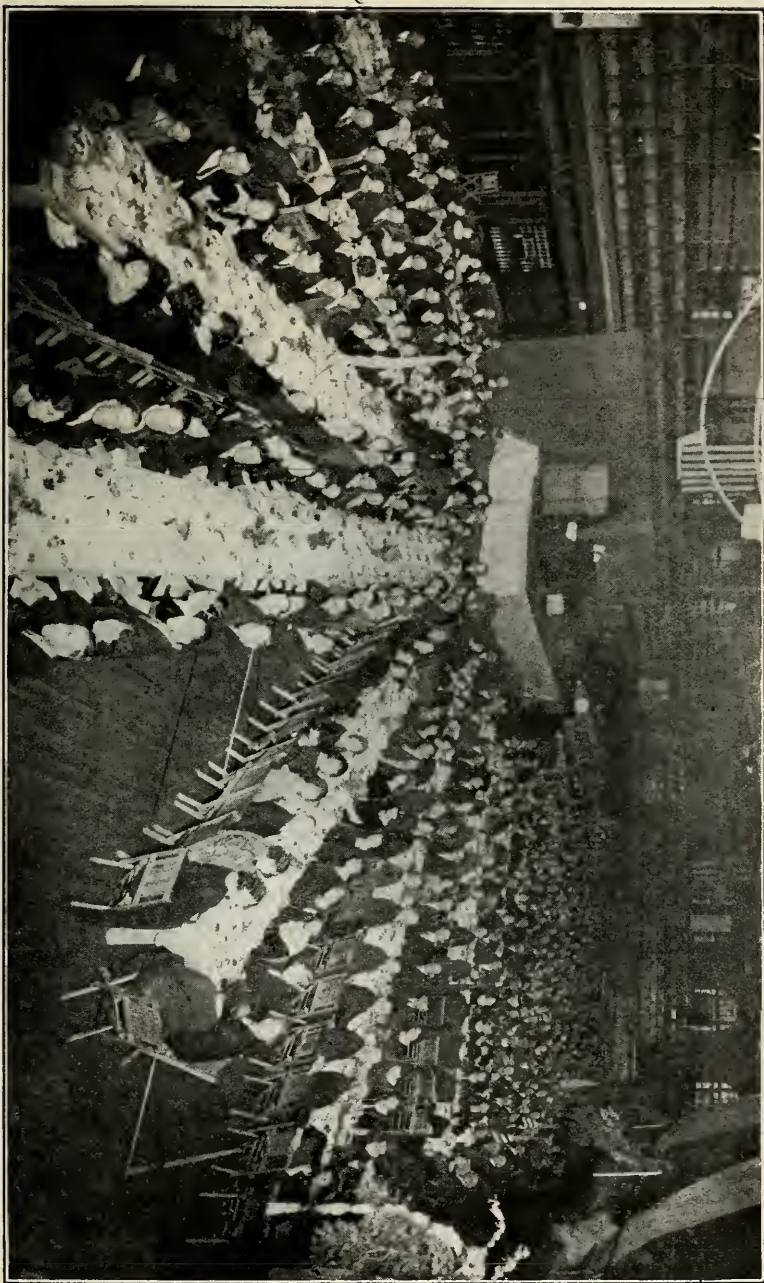
A course in Recreational Leadership was given in the Deseret Gymnasium beginning October 31 and closing December 19. Two hours were spent from 8 to 10 o'clock p. m., on each Wednesday evening. Eleven stakes were interested, as follows: Ensign, Liberty, Salt Lake, Pioneer, Granite, Cottonwood, Jordan, Oquirrh, Tooele, North Davis, and South Davis, and there were six hundred and ninety representatives who attended these sessions. The purpose in giving this course was to promote the organization of recreational work, to train the officers in the work assigned them, and to give those directing this work a clearer vision of the entire movement. The divisions and those in charge were as follows: Dramatic department, Joseph F. Smith III; Music department, Evangeline Thomas Beesley and B. Cecil Gates; Dancing department, Emily Brinton and Datus E. Hammond; Special Programs, Charlotte Stewart and J. R. Griffith. The program consisted of two periods each session, the first period being held in Barratt Hall where the entire conference assembled and where lectures were given on some of the fundamental phases of recreation work, after which they separated into the departments. In all the departments instruction was given by experts in their respective lines.

Throughout the entire conference great interest and enthusiasm was manifested in all of the departments by both instructors and members. The aim has been—not *more* recreation, but *better* recreation. Much credit is due to those who had these departments in charge for their excellent labors which were enthusiastically devoted, without charge, to the large company of students who had gathered from the stakes named. The company consisted not only of recreation leaders and their committees, but of executive officers of the wards in the stakes named. A fee of \$2 each was charged the participants which covered the expenses of the course, cost of books, bulletins, etc., which were distributed in the various departments to all who attended. In some cases this expense was met by the stake and ward recreation funds. The closing evening under direction of Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard, was celebrated on the 19th of December at which time the company of 700 enjoyed themselves in a banquet which had been provided from the funds received from the tuition. Aside from the banquet there were excellent demonstrations from each department, conducted by the department leaders and carried out by the recreational students. There were present at this entertainment, President Heber J. Grant, President Anthony W. Ivins, a number of the Council of the Twelve, besides the General Superintendencies of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., the presidents of the eleven stakes, and members of the General Boards. All the demonstrations were well presented. The dancing was splendid, the music was excellent, the special program was novel and attractive, and the dramatic presentation "The Dear Departed," was well acted and well received. The entertainment showed rapid advance in the matter of proper recreation, and we believe, will serve a good purpose towards advancement in recreational affairs in the stakes and wards that were represented.

A similar school was held by the four stakes of Weber county, at Ogden, beginning Nov. 24, and continuing for eight sessions; also at the Brigham Young University of Provo. In twenty other stakes special short term courses have been conducted. Progress in recreational affairs are being made in all the stakes of the Church.



Banquet of the Weber County Leadership Training Course in Recreation, held in Ogden City.



Banquet of the Salt Lake County Leadership Training Course in Recreation, held in Salt Lake City

We are informed by Gus Wright that the Ogden stakes held a banquet as a closing feature of their recreational training course, at which 400 people were present. It was a fine affair—good food, excellent community singing, and short, humorous speeches were made by four stake presidents. A one-act play and a one-act comedy were presented by the dramatic department. A dancing party, conducted according to recreational standards was held on Dec. 20, with 500 people in attendance. It was voted a most successful affair.

Monthly Message to the "M" Men

BY THOMAS A. BEAL, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD

XIV.—Looking Forward

Perhaps there is no time in the year when one should have a more optimistic spirit than at the beginning of the New Year. While it was proper to look upon the year that is past with a feeling of pleasant remembrance for its bountifulness, and also with a spirit of benevolence, yet we should be ready to hail the new year with confidence and courage and with a determination to succeed better because of the experience of the past.

To a certain extent every one is a forecaster, *i. e.*, everyone likes more or less to comment on the future, especially is that characteristic of the American people. In that we are particularly different from the Europeans, and people of the older countries—they look too much, doubtless, upon the past, that is, they are always looking backward. Here the majority of people are looking forward. We have more faith, more optimism, more confidence than peoples of the old world, and that is one reason no doubt why we do greater and bigger things. It is a gift to have a spirit of optimism, to feel, "all's well with the world and God's in his heaven." It makes life more bearable, more encouraging. While it is true that our forecasting does not amount to much unless it is based upon facts, nevertheless it helps to give us confidence and courage to carry on and do the best we can. But as forecasting based upon substantial data helps society to avoid some of the pitfalls of the past, so does looking forward, weighing the consequences, measuring the results, help us to avoid mistakes and finally to triumph successfully. Faith in ourselves and in the future gives us confidence. Nothing was ever accomplished, after all, by a doubter, notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary. Things worth while have been done by the believers—by the persons of confidence—by those who believe in themselves, in nature, and in their fellow men—who practice looking forward—keeping their eye on the ball and everlastingly working. Only those who have faith in the future, believing that the harvest will be reached at last, will continue on to success.

So, the moral is, look forward—keeping in mind the value of a good reputation—of service, of work, of faith, and "all will be well with the world."

Wonders and Miracles

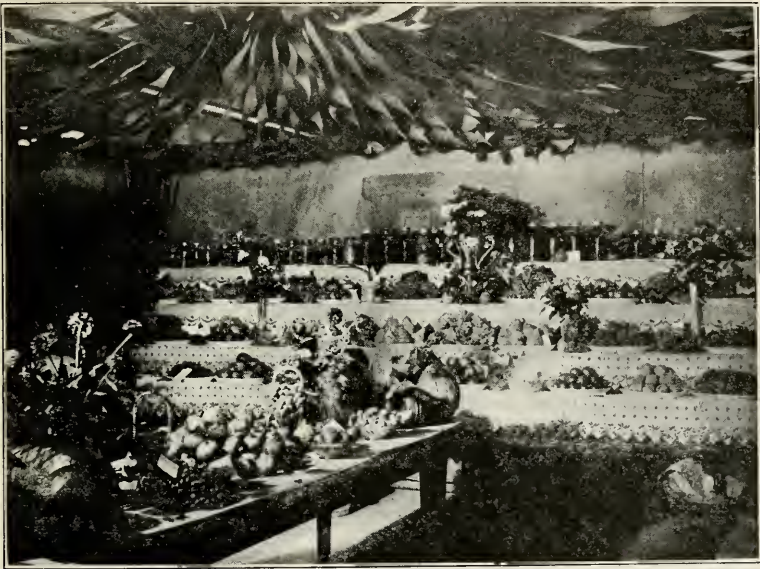
In view of the Advanced Senior lesson which treats of this subject, the following by Dr. George H. Brimhall is helpful in its consideration, and will be read with interest, not only by students of this class, but by all who believe in prayer, and in the interposition of God in the affairs of man:

"Men accomplish wonders; God performs miracles. The flight of the airship is a wonder; the ascension of Elijah was a miracle, both natural, one under laws known to man and forces under the management of man; the other, under laws known to God only and performed by forces under his command only at the time. Wonderful cures are effected by medicine and surgery. Miraculous healings result from the interposition of divine power.

Bringing back into action a stilled heart by the injection of a stimulant is a wonder. The restoring of Lazarus to life is a miracle. The moving picture is a wonder. Joseph Smith's vision was a miracle. Shakespeare's writings are wonders of literature; the revelations of God are miracles of knowledge. The unerring predictions of astronomers are wonderful; the utterances of the prophets of God are miracles. Just to the extent that the super-human mind or power enters into an event, that event is a miracle. Where God has not interposed there is no miracle, and where he has interposed there is a miracle. Is not the assumption that there are no miracles a denial of the interposition of God?"

Successful Opening in St. George

Marion L. McAllister and Zora S. Jarvis, presidents of the East St. George Mutuals of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., report that a very successful opening party was held in that ward on the 12th of October at which nearly all the yearly fund was collected. The meetings began the following Sunday evening with a fine attendance. The associations are well organized and everything points to a successful season's work. The picture shows the East ward fruit display in the fruit festival held last September in St. George. The



East ward Young Men's and Young Ladies' Associations won a prize of \$25 and a silver cup. An excellent activity for Mutuals.

Statistical and Efficiency Reports for January

Superintendent George Albert Smith has sent a letter to each of the stake superintendents in which he specifically asks:

"Will you make a special effort to see that every ward secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. in your stake shall make a report for January, by February 1, to your stake secretary and have him compile your stake report and send it to the General Secretary, Moroni Snow, on or before the 10th of February?"

"We wish in this way to get a complete view or survey of our activ-

ities, and our membership and attendance, for January, 1924. Kindly aid us in this matter, and let there be no excuse from any ward or from your stake."

We trust that the ward and stake secretaries will take notice of this request and be prompt in sending in their reports for January by the date specified.

Movies Suitable for Ward Presentation

In addition to the number of pictures recommended on page 251 in the January number of the *Era*, the joint committee on recreation of the M. I. A. General Boards have previewed the following pictures and have found them also suitably adapted for wholesome recreation in the wards of the Church:

The Man Who Played God—6 reels. George Arliss. Story of redemption through charity.

The Appletree Girl—5 reels. Shirley Mason. An entertaining picture in which Shirley Mason takes the part of an appletree girl, who tried to do three things: make everybody happy, make herself famous, and marry a millionaire.

The committee has also issued, besides bulletin No. 1, a second circular, the complete text of which was published in the *Improvement Era* for January, on page 265-7, containing suggestions on methods of financing recreation, which bulletin, with No. 1, should now be in the hands of all committees.

The "Scout Wigwam" in Millcreek Canyon



Presented to the Salt Lake Council of Boy Scouts by Russell L. Tracy; located on a tract of land consisting of eleven hundred acres, a gift to the Scouts from Alvin V. Taylor.

The Wigwam is only four miles from the street car and bus line, or about a two hour's hike up the canyon. There will be a constant caretaker at the premises. The Wigwam has every convenience for cooking, eating, and playing. It has a large open fire place where the boys may relate their experiences and tell stories. We doubt whether Mr. Tracy and Mr. Taylor can even modestly appraise the value of these wonderful gifts to the community and to the Boy Scout organization. The service which they have rendered by this liberality cannot be measured by ordinary standards.

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, December, 1923

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	Stake and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Migs. or Teacher-T. Classe.	Total
Alpine	6	6	7	5	7	5	3	6	6	4	55
Bear River	10	6	9	10	10	9	8	10	10	8	90
Beaver	8	10	10	7	10	8	8	10	8	8	87
Benson	10	6	9	5	10	8	7	9	9	6	79
Box Elder	9	8	9	9	10	10	6	9	10	9	89
Cache	9	10	8	10	10	10	3	8	10	8	86
Carbon	10	6	10	7	10	5	7	10	5	5	75
Cottonwood	10	10	9	8	9	9	10	9	9	8	91
Deseret	10	9	8	6	10	10	8	9	4	5	79
Duchesne	9	8	10		5	3	5	10	7	3	60
Emery	8	10	5	4	6	5	3	6	6	5	58
Ensign	6	10	10	10	10	7	6	9	10	7	85
Garfield	5	6	4	2	4	1	3	4	2	2	33
Granite	7	10	10	10	10	9	5	10	10	7	88
Gunnison	10	10	7	4	10	8	8	10	7	7	81
Hyrum	7	7	10	9	9	7	10	7	7	6	79
Juab	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Kanab	10	10	10	5	10	8	7	10	10	10	90
Liberty	9	10	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	9	96
Logan	9	10	10	10	10	9	8	10	10	10	96
Millard	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	1	6	85
Morgan	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	6	6	87
Mount Ogden	8	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95
Nebo	6	9	7	8	7	7	4	8	8	4	68
No. Davis	8	7	7	10	10	9	7	10	10	8	86
North Sanpete	8	10	9	9	10	7	7	10	10	10	90
North Sevier	10	10	10	2	10	7	2	10	5	10	76
North Weber	8	9	6	6	8	9	6	7	10	8	77
Ogden	7	6	7	9	10	9	7	10	9	10	84
Oquirrh	8	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	8	93
Pioneer	8	10	10	6	10	9	7	9	10	8	87
Roosevelt	10	10	9	6	10	9	9	10	10	7	90
St. George	10	10	7	5	9	8	8	9	6	4	76
Salt Lake	6	10	10	10	10	10	8	9	9	9	91
San Juan	10	10	10	6	10	9	4	10	10	8	87
Sevier	8	9	10	3	10	9	8	10	7	9	83
South Sanpete	9	10	9	10	10	10	5	10	10	9	92
South Sevier	6	8	4	1	6	4	5	7	6	6	53
Summit	9	9	7	5	7	8	6	10	5	7	73
Tintic	9	10	8	3	10	10	8	10	10	10	88
Tooele	4	6	10	5	10	5	7	10	10		67
Uintah	9	9	10	6	10	8	6	8	10	6	82
Wasatch	8	10	9	6	10	10	7	9	10	5	84
Weber	8	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	96
Bannock	8	6	4	3	5	5	4	7	4	3	49
Bear Lake	10	8	9	8	8	7	9	6	6	5	76
Bingham	9	6	6	8	10	9	6	9	7	7	77
Blackfoot	8	5	6	5	9	7	7	9	8	5	69
Blaine	4	4	10	2	5	4	4	4	10	3	50
Burley	4	6	3	3	3	4	4	2	4	3	36
Cassia	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	9	97
Curlew	7	6	2	2	2	4	4	4	2	1	34

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report (Continued)

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M. I. A. Programs	Stake and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Mtgs. or T.-T. Classes	Total
Franklin	10	5	8	4	10	9	8	9	7	5	75
Freemont	9	10	9	10	10	8	8	10	10	9	93
Idaho	9	7	7	7	7	9	9	10	8	4	77
Lost River	10	6	8	8	10	10	10	10	8	6	86
Malad	10	6	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	92
Montpelier	8	5	8	1	6	8	5	8	6	5	60
Pocatello	10	6	10	5	10	7	10	9	8	7	82
Portneuf	5	9	8	5	10	7	9	10	10	6	79
Rigby	9	6	8	6	10	7	9	9	9	5	78
Yellowstone	10	10	4	6	4	4	1	8	8	---	55
Alberta	10	6	8	6	9	7	6	9	9	5	75
Juarez	10	10	10	5	10	10	6	8	8	10	87
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	6	5	10	10	10	91
Los Angeles	10	10	8	8	10	10	10	10	10	8	94
Maricopa	10	6	6	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	87
Moapa	10	8	10	5	10	10	10	10	8	6	87
St. Joseph	9	10	7	7	10	9	7	10	5	7	81
San Luis	9	5	10	3	10	9	5	10	5	10	76
Star Valley	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	4	94
Taylor	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	95
Union	10	10	9	7	10	10	5	10	10	9	90
Young	6	6	2	---	2	2	1	2	2	1	24

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, December, 1923

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Attendance Senior	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	727	18	12	96	101	158	237	592	81	50	89	165	385
Bear River	488	12	12	99	191	140	181	611	73	102	77	104	356
Beaver	289	5	5	40	71	60	75	246	37	65	56	76	234
Beanson	562	13	13	103	200	183	223	709	84	61	103	136	384
Box Elder	800	13	12	104	278	151	204	737	72	162	108	124	466
Cache	520	8	8	90	60	120	204	474	65	52	76	139	332
Carbon	360	9	8	54	186	125	123	488	40	84	76	77	277
Cottonwood	662	10	10	100	119	184	252	655	81	70	118	181	450
Deseret	418	11	10	80	198	95	143	516	56	116	62	86	320
Emery	555	11	7	58	54	148	168	428	46	39	104	142	331
Ensign	980	7	7	58	105	168	260	591	48	54	98	192	392
Garfield	271	8	3	14	19	61	44	129	10	6	32	23	71
Granite	1950	16	15	156	165	281	551	1153	133	81	224	461	899
Gunnison	280	7	6	48	70	69	86	273	34	47	51	63	195
Hyrum	500	10	8	64	108	107	135	414	41	61	69	95	266
Juab	354	5	5	48	95	97	144	384	41	67	68	110	286
Kanab	222	6	5	35	70	47	89	241	28	51	34	70	183
Liberty	1243	11	11	111	235	286	431	1063	98	157	190	301	746
Logan	608	11	11	108	107	128	239	582	95	58	96	147	396
Millard	338	9	9	67	123	84	113	387	55	108	70	71	304

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report (Continued)

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Morgan	204	8	7	91	61	85	237	51	50	60	161		
Mount Ogden	529	6	6	53	78	122	205	458	37	37	62	89	225
Nebo	968	15	12	93	109	149	225	576	65	58	74	142	339
No. Davis	435	8	7	60	56	67	139	322	45	23	38	86	192
North Sanpete	764	10	10	81	85	149	307	622	68	52	116	243	479
North Sevier	275	6	6	49	99	63	81	292	27	46	42	66	181
North Weber	686	17	15	120	69	164	231	584	93	31	96	137	357
Ogden	818	10	10	84	100	192	215	591	60	48	119	136	363
Oquirrh	460	5	5	55	87	111	116	369	52	80	95	95	322
Pioneer	760	10	10	93	96	90	203	582	77	45	138	155	415
Roosevelt	322	14	11	85	81	91	118	375	59	51	53	76	239
St. George	645	15	13	114	228	118	224	684	75	132	123	166	496
Salt Lake	1078	12	12	122	87	130	300	639	101	62	90	223	476
San Juan	198	5	5	36	66	49	87	238	30	48	38	59	175
South Sanpete	468	7	7	57	99	127	124	407	48	53	78	82	261
South Sevier	285	7	5	37	52	40	38	167	26	25	31	25	107
Summit	421	12	8	73	85	102	133	393	39	48	65	71	223
Tintic	249	5	4	29	67	59	78	233	23	47	37	59	166
Tooele	360	9	4	31	46	35	49	161	23	13	27	34	97
Uintah	387	9	7	52	68	117	108	345	35	49	77	68	229
Wasatch	394	9	7	46	95	94	96	331	41	59	69	60	229
Weber	658	8	8	76	88	147	184	495	57	41	77	126	301
Bannock	257	8	6	44	74	51	51	220	32	42	30	33	137
Bear Lake	336	11	11	81	83	93	153	410	59	42	56	89	246
Bingham	590	11	10	79	160	108	155	502	50	98	62	95	305
Blackfoot	533	10	9	77	130	109	103	419	49	54	65	63	231
Burley	339	10	4	26	51	22	47	146	20	31	14	23	88
Cassia	208	6	4	34	69	32	69	204	26	45	25	43	139
Curlew	100	6	2	17	13	30	8	68	13	4	12	9	38
Franklin	441	11	11	103	100	162	122	487	68	46	85	59	258
Fremont	705	13	10	90	177	197	188	652	76	103	137	144	460
Idaho	213	12	7	59	47	39	50	195	42	34	18	31	125
Lost River	120	4	4	31	64	25	51	171	19	40	9	30	98
Malad	362	8	8	66	63	116	120	365	49	32	64	77	225
Montpelier	392	12	10	65	89	75	128	357	46	41	36	67	190
Pocatello	412	10	10	102	86	148	110	446	78	43	87	65	273
Portneuf	360	13	5	35	25	69	52	181	25	13	38	30	106
Rigby	500	15	12	94	91	105	155	445	79	50	68	75	272
Yellowstone	248	10	9	53	95	83	89	320	57	73	48	67	245
Alberta	345	11	10	77	125	105	159	466	61	62	56	110	289
Juarez	120	5	4	28	70	30	55	183	24	55	21	44	144
Lethbridge	223	10	8	25	70	60	80	235	15	60	70	30	175
Los Angeles	367	12	10	85	139	172	152	548	76	90	115	107	388
Maricopa	420	9	9	76	182	115	143	516	53	97	68	82	300
Moapa	187	7	4	33	52	32	69	186	23	22	14	40	99
St. Joseph	500	16	11	81	98	124	145	448	63	62	73	94	292
San Luis	206	4	3	33	59	57	45	194	25	21	17	28	91
Star Valley	353	11	11	93	70	101	101	365	71	43	67	66	247
Taylor	332	6	6	57	91	87	126	361	37	55	55	72	219
Union	175	6	6	51	68	36	58	213	39	45	23	42	149
Young	103	5	1	11	20	13	20	64	7	8	7	13	35

Passing Events

The French dirigible Dixmude was lost in the Mediterranean according to announcement made from Paris, Dec. 28. The body of the commander was picked up near Sicily. There were fifty persons on boards, and it is feared they all met a tragic death. (All dates of Dec. are in 1923.)

Alexandre Gustave Eiffel died at Paris, Dec. 28. He was the famous tower builder, widely known also as a builder of great metal bridges. He also designed the sluices for the Panama canal when the French undertook to dig the waterway.

France began the withdrawal of troops from the Rhur, Dec. 31. This is supposed to be the first step in the policy of "invisible" occupation, which means occupation by fewer troops, and less conspicuously. French and Belgian troops have occupied the country 16 days less than a year.

The Committee of experts on German finances, appointed by the reparations commission to investigate Germany's resources with the object of finding means to balance the German budget, met at Paris Jan. 14. The committee consists of British, French, Italian and Belgian delegates and two American unofficial representatives, General Charles G. Dawes and Owen D. Young.

Sec. Weeks announced the sale of war material to the Obregon government, Mexico, Jan. 4. The transaction involves the sale of 5000 Enfield rifles, 5,000,000 rounds of ammunition for the guns, and eight DH-4 airplanes. Huerta has also ordered arms and ammunition in the United States, but the shipment is discouraged by the government at Washington, as against its policy.

Edward A. Morgan died, Dec. 22, at Spanish Fork, his home, of pneumonia. He was professor of English in the B. Y. U., Provo. It seems that he recently drove to Provo in an open automobile and contracted a severe cold, from which the fatal illness developed. He was born in Spanish Fork, Aug. 8, 1877. He has been a teacher in the schools since he was 22 years old.

Two Utah boys were appointed for West Point Military academy, Dec. 27, by Representative Colton to enter next summer. They are George W. Coolidge of Ogden and Paul S. Thompson of Fort Duchesne. As first alternates Edward Riley of Hiawatha and Rex E. Birch of Logan, and as second alternates, Harold F. Christiansen of Ogden and Robert Harkness of Linwood were named.

Church donations were made Dec. 15, as follows: To the fund for the relief of sufferers in the "Near East," \$12,500, and to the Palestine Foundation, for the restoration of Palestine, \$1,000. The larger check was sent to Rabbi Steiner, Salt Lake City, and the other to Mr. Marcus M. R. Mendelson. Both remittances were accompanied by a letter expressing the good wishes of the First Presidency.

The 25th anniversary of the foundation of Weber Normal College, Ogden, was observed with an elaborate program, Jan. 7, this year. The Weber College was founded by the L. D. S. Church January 7, 1889. During most of its existence it has served the community as a high school, having been known as the Weber academy until recently, when the Church designated the Ogden school as a junior college specializing in normal work.

Quakers send a message of peace to the world, in a circular dated

December, 1923. They appeal to the religious forces of the world and to those who are interested in bringing about world peace. They point out that two paths are now before us: One leads inevitably to another war; the other begins with a complete rejection of war. There is, they say, no shadow of doubt on which of them are found the foot-prints and the signposts of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Charles S. Burton died Dec. 29, at a Salt Lake hospital, where he had been taken in the forenoon, owing to a stroke. He was born in Salt Lake, May 18, 1855, and has lived here all his life. He was educated in the public schools and Deseret University. As a young man he filled a mission in Australia. For many years he has been a prominent figure in business and financial life in Utah. At the time of his death, he was vice president of the Utah State National Bank.

Elder Winslow Farr Smith was appointed president of the Ensign stake, Sunday, Dec. 23. He was formerly president of the Northern States Mission. Elders George H. Wallace, and George J. Cannon, of the General Board Y. L. M. I. A., were appointed counselors. Elder Cannon succeeds Elder Frank L. Copening. Elder John M. Knight was released from the presidency of the stake in order to be able to devote all his time to the work in the Western States mission over which he presides.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnard Hoff and Mrs. Julia Kilen were reported killed by bandits in China, Dec. 31. They were Americans and laboring as missionaries in that country, in the interest of the Lutheran Brethren. Washington had not received official notice of the outrage, but the American minister at Peking, Mr. Jacob Gould Shurman, had authority to deal with the situation. It is understood that there are half a dozen American warships in Chinese waters under the command of Rear Admiral Thomas Washington.

By radio was sent a message to the Arctic from Chicago, Dec. 25, to Donald McMillan, from his sister in Chicago. The explorer is frozen in the ice about 11 degrees from the pole. His sister, Mrs Lillian Fogg of Freeport, Maine, came to Chicago to talk to the Arctic explorer. Messages from McMillan sent in telegraphic code to the broadcasting station acknowledged the greeting. Mrs. Fogg's daughters, Lillian and May, also greeted their uncle. After the personal messages Christmas carols were sung for the exploring crew and prayer services were said.

Utah is not in the earthquake zone is the opinion of Francis Tondorf, director of the seismological laboratory at Georgetown University, as reported by Ralf R. Woolley at the All Engineers' luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce, Jan. 7. Mr. Tondorf, the speaker said, gave an interesting talk on earthquakes, during which he showed a map on which dots indicated the regions subject to earthquakes. Southern California and San Francisco were black with dots, but Utah was unmarked. The Rev. Mr. Tondorf, Mr. Woolley said, predicted the Japanese earthquake and has also predicted that another less serious quake would occur in Japan in 1927.

Tutankhamen's coffin was disclosed in its full proportions, when, Dec. 17, 1923, the partition was removed by the explorers. The sides of this gigantic receptacle for the dead is resplendent with decorations of blue and gold, set against a background of bright colored paintings on yellow. The walls of the shrine are decorated in gold, and have numerous hieroglyphs and figures of birds, flowers and various animals set in a triple frame of broad black lines. The value of the gold and the various objects in the tomb is estimated at \$50,000,000, and sold to museums or private collections. There are probably 3,000 square feet of solid gold plate, worth at least \$20 a foot.

Arctic winter. Seven persons are known to have frozen to death and scores are suffering from exposure as a result of the coldest weather in 20 years which swept the northwest on the night between the 4th and the 5th of January. Among the lowest temperatures reported were White River, Ont., 42 below, Prince Albert, Ont., 34, Mankota, Minn., 38, Fargo, N. D., 35, and Sioux Falls, S. D., 34. Numerous points reported mercury declines to 32 below and sub-zero weather prevailed generally. The lowest temperature reported at Salt Lake City was 8 degrees above zero, but in the upper valleys of Utah and Idaho it fell to as low as 10 and 25 degrees below zero.

King George II., of Greece, departed for Rumania, Dec. 18, 1923 accompanied by the queen, the marshal of the court, and the king's aide. The assembly was about to convene and discuss the regime best suited to the country, and it was advisable for the king and queen to absent themselves for the time being. *Eliptherios Venizelos left Paris for Athens.* Dec. 28, in answer to a call from compatriots, to come and help restore order in the political chaos. It is stated, however, that his friends are skeptical as to the success of any political action he may undertake in Athens. It is pointed out that if he advocates maintenance of the royal regime, which he is known to favor, he will antagonize the most violent elements of the country.

Lorus Pratt died, Dec. 30, at his home, Salt Lake City, at the age of 68, having been born in 1855. His parents were Apostle Orson Pratt and Adelia Ann Bishop Pratt, who emigrated to Utah with the pioneers of 1847. Lorus Pratt was a faithful Church worker all his life, and filled two foreign missions and also labored for about two years in Missouri and Pennsylvania. He married Harriette Elzina Wheeler. In 1890 he was called to continue his studies in art and went to Paris, France, where he prepared himself to decorate the L. D. S. temple. He was privileged to decorate the first four temples built in Utah and was one of those who had charge of the decorating and painting in the Salt Lake Temple. Those surviving him are a widow and the following sons and daughters: Lorus O. Pratt, Lola P. Baker, Marva P. Kidman, Josephine, Clifton J. and Alton M. Pratt.

Modernists and Fundamentalists are threatening to disrupt several denominations, according to a dispatch dated New York, Dec. 18. Five sectarian churches are involved in the controversy, which turns mainly on the doctrine of the virgin birth of our Lord, and the resurrection of his body. The Fundamentalists deny that, and also the existence of a devil, the efficacy of prayer, the reality of the miracles, the bodily form of God and the ascension of Christ. As a contribution to this controversy concerning the "virgin birth" of our Lord and his resurrection, 150 clergymen of the Presbyterian church, Jan. 9, signed a declaration in which they maintained their right to exercise freedom of thought and teaching "within the limits of evangelical Christianity."

Samuel Stephen Jones, Provo, died there, Dec. 27, of infirmities incident to advanced age. He was born Feb. 9, 1837, at Brentford, England, where he resided until he was 19 years of age, at which time he joined the Church and came to Utah. He crossed the plains in Captain Martin's hand-cart company. In the early days he was a major and an adjutant in the Utah militia, and during the Black Hawk Indian war he took an active part against the Indians. He was a merchant in Provo, also engaged in the contracting business and furnished ties for the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad company in building its road through Utah and Salt Lake counties, and was instrumental in many other building projects. In civic affairs Mr. Jones was active, and held the positions of policeman, alderman, city councilman and mayor. Eight and one-half years ago Mr. Jones lost his sight, but this did not retard his progress in a literary way and he wrote many beautiful poems and sketches after losing his sight.

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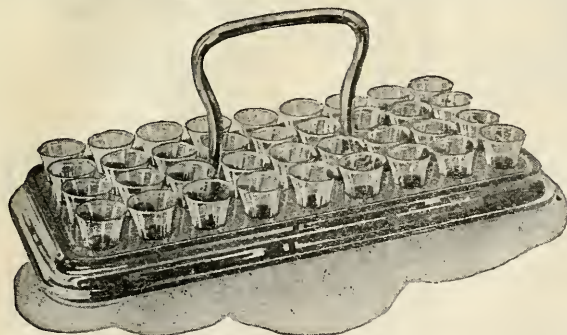
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